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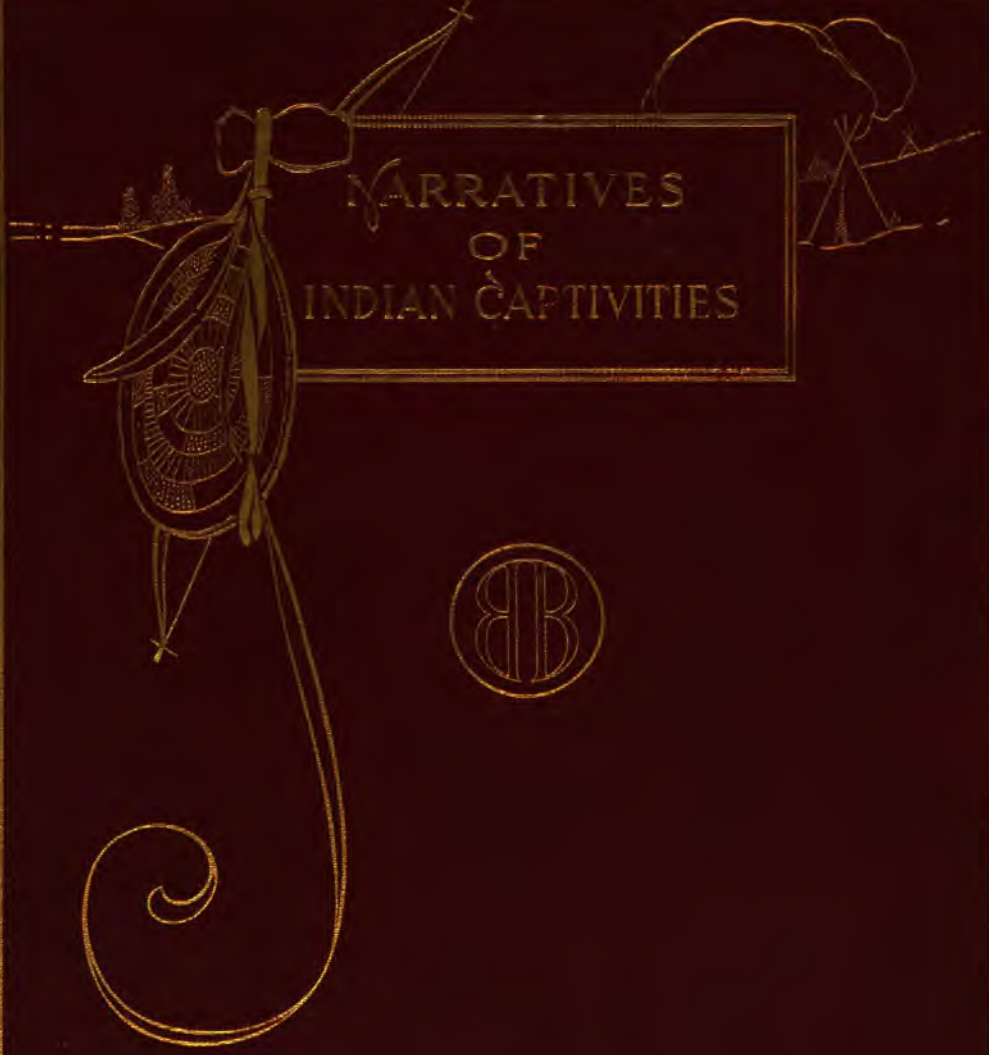
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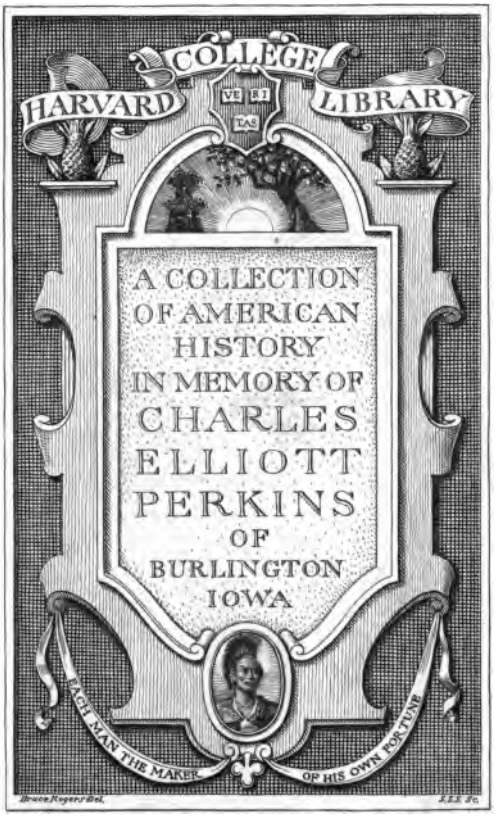
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THE CAPTIVITY OF CHARLES JOHNSTON

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JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE

Of this edition, two hundred and sixty-seven copies have been printed, of which two hundred and fifty are for sale, and the type distributed. This is

*No.*_____



Map Showing Johnston's Route

NARRATIVES OF CAPTIVITIES

INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE CAPTURE, DETENTION, AND RANSOM OF CHARLES JOHNSTON OF VIRGINIA

Reprinted from the original, with introduction and notes by Edwin Erle Sparks



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INTRODUCTION

CHARLES JOHNSTON, an attorney residing in Botetourt county, in the state of Virginia, upon a journey to the Kentucky country in 1790, was made prisoner by the Indians. Captured on the Ohio River, near the confluence of the Scioto, Johnston was carried north through what is now the state of Ohio, to the Indian village of Upper Sandusky. Here he was ransomed by a Canadian trader and taken to Detroit. Furnished transportation down the lakes by the British authorities at the post of Detroit, Johnston proceeded to New York City, where he was interviewed by President Washington and made a deposition before Secretary Knox upon the condition of affairs in the Northwest. He returned to Virginia after an absence of several months. His Narrative was first pubished in 1827.

The relation of Johnston does not rank among the foremost of American "Captivities" because he was a prisoner only about five weeks and because the details of his experiences were not committed to paper until thirty-five years after they occurred. This delay no doubt prevented his giving a more detailed account of his captivity and in some particulars may have militated against exact-

ness of description. At the same time, the brevity produces a straightforwardness of narrative and simplicity of style which form a pleasant contrast with the prolixity and verbosity of the average relation of an Indian captivity. Being a man of some education, and conversant with current national affairs, Johnston was able to furnish some inside information concerning the conditions along the northern boundary during that long vexatious period of British occupancy of the American posts.

The original edition of the Narrative was supplemented, according to the custom of the day, by certain "Sketches of Indian Character and Manners with Illustrative Anecdotes." One would expect to find these made up of personal observations of Johnston while in captivity. On the contrary, they are composed of quotations from Charlevoix, Long, Lewis and Clark, Schoolcraft and other writers on the life of the savages in North America. Because they contain almost no original matter, they are omitted from this reprint.

To appreciate the feelings with which a journey to Kentucky was undertaken in those days, one must remember that the settled portions of the United States were confined closely to the Atlantic seaboard. At few points had civilization penetrated the interior more than 150 miles. In certain places, unusual facilities for travel in the shape of waterways

or fertile valleys had drawn a long column of people far ahead of the main body on the march across the continent. The Potomac was especially favored in this particular, being the only stream affording access to the West. The wave of people which it caused to advance poured over the mountains, encompassing the headwaters of the Ohio.

Within this settled extension lay the Braddock road, the first route opened to the trans-Allegheny regions. It formed part of the easiest route to Kentucky. Passing up the Potomac, the traveler crossed the mountains by the Braddock road to the Monongahela. Floating down that stream to the Ohio, he found himself in time at Limestone, Kentucky, from which point of debarkation, a road led to the interior settled portions of the state. This route meant a long detour for residents of central or southern Virginia. Another route lay far to the South, the famous "Wilderness Road," which sought the Shenandoah valley and the headwaters of the Tennessee, passing finally through the Cumberland Gap and thence into central Kentucky.

Mr. May and Mr. Johnston, in making their second journey to Kentucky, decided to avoid both these circuitous routes and to proceed over the shorter but more difficult way directly across the mountains of what is now West Virginia, and down the Great Kanawha and Ohio rivers. From Petersburg, they fol-

lowed the main travelled roads up the James River to the headwaters of that stream. Thence they used an old road, known as "the Pocahontas trail," across the mountains to "the Greenbriar flats." Through these mountain highlands flowed the Greenbriar River, a tributary of the New River, which in turn flowed into the Great Kanawha. These upper or mountain streams were broken by so many falls that the travelers chose to remain on horseback and traverse by that means the strip of wild land eighty miles long, "destitute of inhabitants," as Johnston says, until they should reach navigable water at the junction of the Great Kanawha with the Elk.

The "heavy, clumsy, slow-moving structure," which the party employed for the journey down the rivers after embarkation, was what was commonly called an "ark." It was built flat without a keel, with high gunwales and sometimes a roof. Long poles bearing a "sweep" on the end kept the clumsy craft in the current upon which it depended for carriage. Built by native workmen from planks sawed by hand, the ark was rarely returned to the place where it was built, but was dismantled in some lower river port, the lumber serving for building purposes. Evidently the ark made for the May party had no roof but high sides. When attacked, its passengers protected themselves from the savages by lying down in the bottom of the boat.

The heterogeneous composition of the party was marked but not unusual. A land speculator and his attorney, a merchant, a frontiersman, and "two females of an humble condition in life" were drawn together for mutual defense. It was quite common for people to travel in groups on the frontier for protection against the Indians and for mutual coöperation. Along certain public roads, an escort of United States troops was accustomed to pass at stated intervals for protecting travelers. Major Denny's Military Journal describes boats lashed together for protection descending the Ohio. It was not felt necessary to join a party until the confines of Virginia were passed. By the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768, the savages withdrew from western Pennsylvania and Virginia to the north of the Ohio River. For many years, the northern bank of that historic stream was known as "the Indian side." The rapid spread of settlers to the westward of the Mountains after the close of the Revolutionary War and the opening of lands in the Northwest Territory enraged the Indians north of the river and led to a warfare which lasted until the decisive victory of General Wayne and the treaty of Greenville in 1795 brought peace to the Ohio valley frontier.

According to the official reports of these Indian depredations printed in the American State Papers, Indian Affairs, the savages main-

tained a camp near the mouth of the Scioto from which they made sallies at intervals to prey upon travelers. This may be the camp to which Johnston was taken and which he describes. The Scioto valley was the North and South highway between the Ohio and the Great Lakes.

The essential facts of the Johnston narrative have been used by Marshall, although the variations in his account illustrate discrepancies due to traditions. He says:

"The 16th of January [1790], the Indians took two men and a lad near the mouth of Lee's creek on the Ohio. A few days afterward, they killed two men on the Hanging fork of Duck's River. The 29th of the month, a man was made prisoner opposite the mouth of Kentucky; and the settlement at that place evacuated.

"March the 1st, the Indians killed a part and dispersed the rest of the people in Kennedy's Bottom.

"A canoe ascending the Ohio about the last of March was taken by the Indians near the mouth of the Scioto and three men killed. Within a few days after, a boat coming down was decoyed to shore by a white man who feigned distress; when fifty savages rose from concealment, ran into the boat, killed John May and a young woman, being the first persons they came to, and took the rest of the people on board prisoners. It is probable

that they made, according to their idea of duty or of honor, these sacrifices to the manes of so many of their slaughtered friends.

"Soon after this event, for the Indians still continued to infest the river, other boats were taken and the people killed or carried away captive.

"The 2nd of April, they attacked three boats on the Ohio near the confluence of the Scioto. Two, being abandoned, fell into the hands of the enemy, who plundered them; the other being manned with all the people, made its escape by hard rowing."—*Marshall's History of Kentucky,* vol. i., page 357.

Burnet's Notes were published after the Johnston Narrative; but the former author evidently had not the advantage of having read the latter. Burnet's account is a strange commingling of the attack upon the May boat and that of the following day in which the survivors of the May party were compelled to take part. Burnet says:

"During the same month [March, 1790], three boats descending the river in company, saw a boat lying at the Indian shore, a short distance above the Scioto River, containing a large party of Indians. The descending boats were fortunately near the Virginia shore when the enemy discovered them. On coming opposite to them, a white man, standing at the edge of the water, called and begged them to surrender, affirming as the fact that the In-

dians were fifty or sixty in number and that if resistance should be made, the whole party would be murdered.

"The proposition was rejected, of course, on which the Indians commenced a heavy fire which was continued for some time without effect, but which gave the descending boats time to pass them. The savages, failing to bring them to, commenced a pursuit; and the Americans, finding they could not save all their boats, selected the strongest and abandoned the others, which contained a number of horses and much other valuable property. Holes were cut in the sides of the boat they selected to enable them to increase the number of rowers. The Indians pursued with great effort some six or eight miles, when they gave up the chase and the Americans arrived at Limestone without further molestation. They lost 28 horses and merchandise valued at £1500, which were left in their abandoned boats.

"Bruckner Thruston, then a member of the Legislature, was one of the party and reported the facts to Gen. Harmer. The party consisted of 28 men, a family of females, and some negro women and children. The Indians numbered about sixty and it was afterwards ascertained that the boat in their possession had been captured by them a day or two before — that it belonged to John May, who with four others were made prisoners — not

one of whom escaped to tell their fate. It is presumable, however, that the person who hailed the boats of Mr. Thruston was one of the unfortunate captives."—Burnet's *Notes on the Northwest Territory* (1847), page 84.

Much of this information was derived by Burnet from the Series on Indian Affairs in the American State Papers. Thruston's affidavit can be found in vol. i. of this series, page 91. Four pages preceding will be found a deposition taken by Charles Johnson [*sic*] before the Secretary of War during his stay in New York City after his return from captivity. He says:

"On 20th of March, 1790, going down the river Ohio, in company with John May, Esq., of Virginia, with four other persons in our boat (two of whom were women) we were attacked by a party of fifty-four Indians, consisting chiefly of Shawanese and Cherokees. In this attack, Mr. May and one of the women were killed, the rest of us made prisoners.

"The day following, a canoe coming up the river, with six men in it, were fired upon and all killed.

"In a few hours afterwards, two boats (the owners of which had abandoned them and got on board a third boat that was in company) were taken by the savages with goods and other property in them, which, in my opinion, must have amounted to several thousand pounds value.

"Two days afterwards, the Indians divided themselves into several parties, when they set off to this town, and arrived in about five or six weeks at Sandusky, where the nation of Wyandot or Huron Indians live.

"Whilst in the Indian country, I was informed that one of our party whose name was William Flin and whom, on the division, had fallen to the Cherokees, was carried to the nation of Miamies, there tied to a stake, and, in the most inhuman manner, was roasted alive.

"I further understood that there are a number of Americans who have been made prisoners by the Indians, and are now in the Shawanese and Miami nations, languishing under slavery and all its bitter appendages."

La Rochefoucauld's version of Johnston's story, of which the latter complains in his Introduction, may be found on page 339 of the first volume of La Rochefoucauld's "Travels through the United States." It is headed "The History of Mr. Johnston, of Virginia, who in 1790 was taken prisoner by the Indians, written on board the Pigon in October, 1794." Aside from the incorrect spelling of proper names, the story agrees remarkably with that told by Johnston himself. Indeed, Rochefoucauld's account sheds additional light upon many parts of Johnston's narrative and is really worth reading as supplementary to it.

EDWIN ERLE SPARKS.

JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE

Reprinted from a copy of the original edition

A NARRATIVE

OF THE

INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE CAPTURE DETENTION, AND RANSOM

OF

CHARLES JOHNSTON,

OF BOTETOURT COUNTY, VIRGINIA,

WHO WAS MADE PRISONER BY THE INDIANS, ON THE RIVER OHIO, IN THE YEAR 1790;

TOGETHER WITH

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE FATE OF HIS COMPANIONS, FIVE IN NUMBER, ONE OF WHOM SUFFERED AT THE STAKE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Sketches of

INDIAN CHARACTER AND MANNERS

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY J. & J. HARPER, 82 CLIFF-ST

1827.

INTRODUCTION

THE incidents of my capture on the River Ohio by the Indians, in the year 1790, and of my subsequent detention by them, have been considered, by many gentlemen, on whose candor and intelligence I can rely, of such interest as to merit the attention of the public. My earlier days have been so completely occupied by the business of a very active life, that I can with truth say, I could never spare the time necessary for such a work, until age is advancing upon me, and I find myself able to command a little leisure. But the strongest consideration which has operated on me to engage in this undertaking is, that an extremely incorrect and imperfect narrative was published by the Duke de Liancourt, in the account of his travels in America, which appeared some years ago. Being called to Europe, on matters of business, in 1793, on my return in the following year I crossed the Atlantic in the ship Pigon, commanded by Captain Loxley, bound from London to Philadelphia. The Duke de Liancourt* was one

*Francois Alexandre Frederick Rochefoucauld-Liancourt D'Estissac was born in a small village of France in 1747 and died in Paris in 1827. He fled from his native country in 1792 because of his attempt to aid the king in escaping the Revolutionists and two years later reached the United States. He was disappointed because President Washing-

of my fellow-passengers. He assumed the name of Aberlib, which, as [iv] he informed me, was that of a Swiss servant formerly in his employment, because he was apprehensive, that in the event of our falling in with a French ship of war, his true name and title being known, might determine its commander to seize his person and carry him to France. On the voyage, as soon as we became acquainted, he selected me, from among a number of other passengers, as the object of his confidence, and imparted to me, and to no other person on board, except the Captain, the circumstances which had compelled him to fly from France, and to seek an asylum in a foreign country from the infuriated party, who had determined on the destruction of the French nobility. In the progress of our acquaintance, he ascertained that I had been a prisoner among the savages, and elicited from me a detail of the circumstances. We had frequent interviews in the cabin, while the other passengers were on deck. But the communication between us was of a nature, which subjected us both to the probability of mistaking the precise sense in which either of us meant to be understood: since he spoke the

ton refused to intervene in France to secure the release of Lafayette from prison. He returned to France in 1799 when Bonaparte restored his estates. During his residence in America he collected material for his *Voyage dans les Etats-Unis*, which was published in New York in 1795 and in London in 1799.

English language very imperfectly, and I was utterly ignorant of the French. I observed that he committed what I told him to paper, in his own tongue, and therefore inferred it was his intention to publish my story. Upon inquiry, whether this [v] was his design, his answer left me in a state of uncertainty. But I obtained from him a positive assurance, that if he did publish, he would furnish me with an English translation, to be examined and corrected by me, before it should be issued from the press. The Duke did not execute his promise. I presume it escaped his memory, or, if he wrote me on the subject, his letter miscarried. The first intelligence I obtained on the subject was from the publication itself, which came to my hands not long after it was printed. It is replete with errors, particularly in relation to the names of persons and places.* Facts too are so coloured as to bear some resemblance to truth, while there is an essential

*A few short specimens of the Duke's mistakes will be sufficient to show the general inaccuracy of his relation. He represents me as making a trip to Kentucky "to examine some witnesses *before the supreme Court of Virginia.*" He calls Kelly's Station "*Kekler's* Station." Green Briar Court-house, is "*Great Brayer* Court-House;" Jacob Skyles is "*James Skuyl;*" Mockasins are "*Macapins;*" the boat in which our party descended the Ohio is a "*Ship;*" and I might cover pages with his errors. These, and his omission of facts, may be perceived by a comparison of his narrative with mine. I could, if necessary, give stronger proof of his imperfect knowledge of our language, by transcribing a letter from him now in my possession, which was written in reply to one that I had addressed to him on the subject of his errors. [*Note in original.*]

variance from it; resulting, in all probability, from the difficulty of our understanding each other accurately. I am perfectly confident, that the Duke has made no intentional misrepresentation. [vi] The excellence of his heart, and the correctness of his moral principles, place him above all suspicion. But another objection arises, from his omission of many striking details. It shall be my object to present as minute and faithful a narrative, of the occurrences when I was captured, and while in the hands of the savages, as my memory can supply after the lapse of so many years. I can confidently assert, that my recollection of incidents, during a period so calamitous to me, and while my faculties were vigorous, is sufficiently perfect to give them without danger of mistake. Every one, who has attained to my age, must have ascertained by experience, that the striking events of youthful life are fastened indelibly on the memory, and that their impression is more perfect, and is retained with greater precision, than those circumstances which occur to us in our declining years. I entertain no fears that my veracity will be questioned by those to whom I am known; and I appeal to others, who may read my details, whether they are distinguished by any features, which ought to bring upon them the frowns of incredulity.

Botetourt Springs,
Virginia, April 10, 1827.

NARRATIVE

CHAPTER I.

MR. JOHN MAY, a gentleman of great worth and respectability, formerly resided at Belle-Vue, on the Appomattox river, five miles above the town of Petersburg, in Virginia. He was an early adventurer in the location and purchase of lands in Kentucky,* after the settlement of that country commenced. His business was of such a nature and extent as to require the assistance of a clerk. In the year 1788, he offered me such inducements to enter his service, that I did not hesitate to accept his proposals. He was involved in some of those numerous litigations which have resulted, in Virginia and Kentucky, from the mode prescribed by law for acquiring title to unappropriated lands, and among others was engaged in a contest with the late Judge Mercer. In the progress of this contest, it became necessary

*"Mr. May had been an early adventurer and constant visitor to Kentucky. He was no warrior; his object was the acquisition of land—which he had pursued with equal avidity and success to a very great extent. Insomuch, that had he lived to secure the titles, many of which have been doubtless lost by his death, he would probably have been the greatest landholder in the country."—Marshall's *History of Kentucky*, Vol. I., p. 357.

for Mr. May to procure the depositions of witnesses who lived in the western country; and, in the month of August, 1789, I attended him in a journey made to Kentucky for the purpose of taking those depositions. No remarkable incident occurred in the course of this first trip, and we returned safely into the interior in the succeeding November. But having accomplished our object in part only, we set [8] out again from his residence, with a view to its completion, in the latter part of February, 1790. We had travelled altogether by land on the first occasion. But in this second journey, Mr. May determined to reach the point of his destination* by descending the Kenhawa and Ohio rivers. We proceeded by the usual route to Green Briar Court-house,† where the town of Lewisburg has been since built, which place we left about the 8th or 10th of March. The country between that place and the Kenhawa river, on which we were to embark, was then destitute of inhabitants, and the distance about eighty miles. On

*They probably came up the James to the Shenandoah valley, passed southwestward through the openings in the mountains along the headwaters of the Tennessee, turned westward through the Cumberland Gap, and thence northwest by Crab Orchard to the settled portions of central Kentucky. This was the famous "Wilderness Road."

†The "Greenbriar Flats" had long been a place of rendezvous for western expeditions. Here the troops collected for the Kanawha Foray in Lord Dunmore's war. Near at hand was the White Sulphur Spring, a familiar landmark. Lewisburg is still the county seat of Greenbriar county, West Virginia, near the Virginia boundary line.

the evening of the first day after our departure from Lewisburg, we came up with a party consisting of eight or ten persons, on their way to the Kenhawa. Among them were Col. George Clendiner, and Mr. Jacob Skyles, the latter of whom was on a mercantile adventure, with a stock of dry goods, which he intended to carry down the river to Kentucky. The weather was uncommonly cold; and on that night there was so great a fall of snow, that in the morning we found it nine or ten inches thick on our blankets. We toiled on through a dreary country and unpleasant weather for two or three days longer, and then arrived at Kelly's Station,* on the Great Kenhawa. There we contracted for one of those heavy, clumsy, slowly-moving structures, at that time employed on the Ohio for the conveyance of travellers and their property to the western settlements, which had become considerable, and were rapidly increasing. But in the country now forming the State of Ohio, there was not, I believe, the habitation of a white man from Point Pleasant to Symmes's small settlement at the mouth of the Great Miami. At this day the same region comprehends a white population of perhaps seven or [9] eight hundred

*"Walter Kelly was the first to locate on the Kanawha, but he was murdered by the Indians a few months after his arrival in the valley. Mr. Morris came here a few months after Mr. Kelly's death and purchased the Kelly creek tract of land from the widow of Mr. Kelly."—Atkinson's *History of the Kanawha Valley.*

thousand;* sends fourteen representatives to the congress of the United States; and may be fairly ranked among the most powerful states in the Union. On the margin of the river, then occupied by savages and wild beasts, flourishing towns have arisen, and productive farms appear. On the stream itself, numerous steam boats have supplied the place of the wretched arks, formerly the only vehicles of trade and communication, which laboured along with difficulty, and without profit to their owners. Works of internal improvement have been commenced, which promise the highest benefits to a country enriched by nature with many of her choicest gifts. A great canal,† already begun, will probably be completed in the course of a few years, which will yield all the benefits of a direct water communication with New Orleans, by the rivers Ohio and Mississippi, and with New-York by Lake Erie and the New-York canal: bearing on its bosom a commerce which will extend, by an interior navigation, from the northern to the southern extreme of the United States. This is a career of prosperity unequalled even by the rapid progress of other members of the American Union, and unpar-

*Mr. Wright, one of the representatives in Congress from that state, in his speech on the Judiciary bill, which I have lately seen, states the population at one million. [*Note in original.*]

†Reference is here made to the Erie Canal, one portion of which was opened in 1825 at a time when the author was no doubt engaged in writing his reminiscences.

alleled in history. What a subject of reflection to the statesman and political economist! What a source of triumph, on the part of the free and thrifty institutions of the western hemisphere, over the strong systems of the eastern! Nor is this comparative view of the present, and former condition of the country to which it refers, unconnected with my subject. Many inhabitants of the states bordering on the Ohio river have come into exist- [10] ence since the occurrence of the incidents which I am about to relate; and might think the facts incredible, if not reminded of the state of things, so utterly different then from what it is now.

Our boat, or ark, for which we had bargained at Kelly's Station, was not ready to receive us until the lapse of several days. We were invited by Col. George Clendiner,* who resided at the mouth of Elk river, some seven or eight miles from the Station, and where the town of Charleston† has since been built, to

*"The first settlers of this section of the country were the Clendennins, Morrises, etc. . . . This tract was then owned by George Clendennin, from whom Joseph Ruffner purchased it."—Atkinson, p. 186. In 1790, Washington asked Col. Clendennin to act as agent for the sale of some of the 32,373 acres of land which Washington owned about the Kenawha. He addressed him as "George Clandenen." An "Errata" in the original Johnston Narrative changed "Clendiner" to "Clendenning." A letter from Clendennin will be found in *American State Papers*, Indian Affairs, vol. I, p. 84.

†Charleston was not settled until some twelve years after the mouth of the Elk was visited by May and his party. Travelers down the Ohio were accustomed to have boats

spend this interval with him. At his house our time was passed in the utmost comfort, highly enhanced by the liberal, warm, and cordial hospitality, with which we were entertained by him and Mrs. Clendiner. From his dwelling we descended the Great Kenhawa to Point Pleasant, our party consisting of Mr. May, Mr. Skyles, and myself. Upon our arrival at that place, there was an accession to our number, composed of three persons: William Flinn, Dolly Fleming, and Peggy Fleming. Flinn was one of those hardy characters, bred in the young settlements of our country, accustomed to their usual pursuits; the sports of the chase, and hostilities with the Indians. The Miss Flemings were females of an humble condition in life. They were sisters. One of them was the particular friend of Flinn, and the other was her travelling companion. They were residents of Pittsburg, bound for the country down the Ohio river.

built at the mouth of the Elk or at Kelly's station a few miles above. Dunmore's party which was engaged in the battle of Point Pleasant hewed out their canoes at the mouth of the Elk.

[11] CHAPTER II.

WE remained but a short time at Point Pleasant.* Having before heard a rumour, that the savages had decoyed a boat, which was descending the river, to the shore, and had killed all who were on board, we there came to the resolution, that no circumstances, no consideration, should induce us to venture on the land, until our arrival at Limestone.† Those with whom we conversed at the Point, advised us, too, by no means to hazard ourselves on shore; since the intelligence received at that place was, that various parties of Indians were lurking about the banks of the Ohio. How far we adhered to our resolution, or attended to the information which we had obtained, will be seen in the sequel. The water was high in the river, which afforded us great facility in getting along. We had nothing more to do, than to gain the middle of the stream, and permit our heavy and unwieldly boat to float down. Our numbers were too few, and our experience as

*The battle of Point Pleasant, the most important engagement of "Lord Dunmore's War," was fought in 1774. It is said that the soldiers engaged in it gave the name to the point formed by the junction of the Kanawha and the Ohio because of its pleasant outlook. Fort Randolph was constructed on the site after the war.

†Now Maysville, Kentucky, the point of disembarkation on a journey to Central Kentucky.

watermen too limited, to accelerate our progress beyond the rate at which the current flowed. But there was perfect safety, while we remained out of musket or rifle shot from the shore. In that there was no difficulty, as the part of the river, down which we were to pass, was about a mile in width. We apprehended no danger from any attempt which the savages might make to board us, while we were at a distance from land, because such attempts were not in conformity to their habits; the gunwales of our boat were so high, that we were competent to the successful resistance of [12] a party much larger than our own; and Mr. May, Skyles, Flinn, and I, were provided with fire arms. It is true, they were nothing better than ordinary fowling pieces, except Mr. Skyles's, which was a small neat rifle. But they seemed to us sufficient for our purposes, and would probably have proven so, if our indiscretion had not placed us completely in the power of our foes, and where the best weapons could not be employed with any chance of advantage.

Our boat was steered by an oar at the stern, and the male passengers performed that service in rotation. We had descended the river nearly to the junction of the Sciota,* when

*"The pioneers who descended the Ohio on their way westward will remember while they live the lofty rock standing a short distance above the mouth of the Scioto on the Virginia shore, which was occupied for years by the

about dawn of day, on the 20th of March, we were called up by Flinn, who stood at the steering oar. He turned our attention to a smoke, which he had discovered, and which was suspended in the atmosphere about the height of the tree-tops, on both sides of the river. We instantly determined to ascertain on which bank the fire that produced this smoke was burning, and then to bear from it towards the other. After a short time, we saw distinctly, that the smoke ascended from a fire on the north-western shore; and we began to turn towards the south-eastern, when we perceived two white men on the same side of the river where the fire was. They called to us, and implored us to receive them on board our boat, declaring, that they had been taken prisoners by the Indians some weeks before, at Kennedy's Bottom in Kentucky; had been led by their captors across the Ohio, and had been so fortunate as to escape from their hands: that they were suffering with the severest distress of cold and hunger, and must perish, or again fall into the power of their enemies, unless they were rescued [13] by us from the miserable fate which awaited them. They continued down the bank of the river abreast of us, and repeated their story with cries and

savages as a favorite watch-tower from which boats ascending and descending could be discovered at a great distance." —Burnet's *Notes on the Northwest Territory*, p. 94. The rock is still known locally as "the Indian lookout."

wailings, until the suspicions which had arisen in our minds on their first appearance, began to be weakened. At length they pressed their tale upon us with so much earnestness, and stated so many minute particulars connected with it, that our feelings were excited towards them, and we discussed the question of going on shore. We had first inquired from them as to the smoke which we had seen rising from their side of the river; but they denied that there was any fire. This falsehood, conclusively disproved by the evidence of our eyes, ought to have determined us to close our ears against all they told us. We proceeded, however, with the discussion. Flinn, and the two females, accustomed from their early lives, like most of the first settlers on our frontier, to think lightly of danger from Indians, urged us to land. Mr. May, Mr. Skyles, and I, opposed it. We laid great stress on the fact, that the two white men had not told the truth with respect to the fire, and therefore were not worthy of credit. But Flinn's reply was, that they were under the necessity of kindling fire in the cold weather which then prevailed, and were unwilling to acknowledge they had any, lest we might suspect there were Indians on the shore. By this time our progress on the water was so much faster than theirs on land, that we had gone far below them, and were almost out of reach of their voices. Flinn then proposed a scheme by which, according

to his mode of reasoning, all the hazard of landing would be thrown upon himself alone, without exposure to the rest of our party. He said we had gained on them so much, that if there [14] were any Indians, we must be greatly ahead of them; might touch the shore only long enough for him to leap on it, and immediately turn the boat into the stream again, where we would be safe: that if our apprehensions of Indians were well founded, he could perceive them as soon as they could see him; that he had no fears but he could escape by outrunning them; and that he would rejoin us the next day at Limestone, whither he would proceed on foot. On the contrary, should our fears prove groundless, we could put back, and take him and the two men on board. Believing this plan could be carried into effect in safety, and our hearts at the same moment yielding to the feelings of humanity, all on board immediately and fatally acceded to this proposition, without reflecting, that in crossing the current we should cease to move as rapidly as we had while going directly with it. The consequence was, we were so long in getting to the shore, that by the time we had reached it and had put Flinn out, to our utter asonishment and dismay, we beheld a party of Indians, completely armed after their manner, rushing upon us. Their number was not great, since none but the swiftest could gain the spot where we landed as soon as the boat reached it.

We therefore determined on resistance. Mr. Skyles and I took up our guns for that purpose; but the main body of the Indians, who had concealed themselves from our view by keeping in the back ground as they ran at some distance from the river, began to come up. When Mr. May perceived their numbers thus increasing, he remonstrated against so unequal a contest, and urged that our attention and exertions should be directed to the single object of getting back into the current. But the height of the water was [15] such, that our boat was involved among the numerous and strong branches of a large tree which bent from the bank; and while we in vain endeavoured, by all the means in our power, to extricate ourselves, the whole body of Indians, fifty-four in number, after firing a few scattering shot as they came up, took a position not farther than sixty feet from us, and, rending the air with the horrible war-whoop, poured their whole fire into our boat. Resistance was hopeless — to get from the shore impossible. In this state of despair, we protected ourselves from their fire by lying down in the bottom of the boat but not until the Indians had killed Dolly Fleming, who had taken shelter behind me, and received a ball in the corner of her mouth which passed close over my left shoulder. Skyles was wounded by a rifle bullet, which ranged across his back from one shoulder to

the other. Our enemies continued to fire into the boat, until all our horses were killed. The danger to which we were already exposed was aggravated by these animals. They were so frightened by the smell of powder and the discharge of guns, that it was extremely difficult to avoid their trampling on us before they were shot; and after they fell, it was barely possible to keep clear of the kicks and struggles which they made in their dying agonies. After they were killed, the firing ceased, and all was quiet on board. Mr. May, who had not taken off his night-cap since he awoke in the morning, then rose on his feet, and, taking it from his head, held it up as a signal of surrender. Seeing him rise, I reminded him of the danger to which he would be exposed by standing up, and entreated him to lie down again. But it was too late. About the moment when I spoke, the fire recommenced, and [16] this excellent man fell dead by a ball shot through his brain, while I supposed that he had taken my advice and had lain down of his own accord. Nor did I discover my mistake until, casting my eyes on him a short time afterwards, his face, covered with blood, and the mark of the ball in his forehead, too plainly indicated his fate. Once more the fire from the bank was discontinued. Flinn, by the time he had reached the top of the bank, was their prisoner: Mr. May and Dolly Fleming were killed: Mr. Skyles was wounded: Peggy

Fleming and I remained unhurt. The savages then made their arrangements for taking possession of our boat, and immediately carried them into effect. About twenty of them plunged into the water and swam to us, with tomahawks in their hands, while the rest stood with their rifles pointed towards us, for the purpose of destroying us in the event of resistance to the boarding party. When I found them climbing up the side of the boat, I rose, and reaching my hand to the Indian nearest me, assisted him in getting in; proceeding then to the others, I helped as many of them on board, in like manner, as I could. When they entered, they shook hands with me, crying out in broken English, "How de do! How de do!" I returned their salutation by a hearty squeeze of the hand, as if glad to see them. The truth was, I expected, at the moment when we were made prisoners, that all would be put to the tomahawk. Finding our reception so different from what I had anticipated, the kind greetings which I gave them were not altogether feigned. After the momentary confusion produced by the capture was over, they pushed the boat to the shore, when the remainder of the party entered it, with their rifles in their hands. They also shook hands with us, appearing [17] to be highly delighted at the success of their enterprise. After the transports of the moment had in a degree subsided, some began to examine into the booty

they had taken, consisting principally of the dry goods belonging to Mr. Skyles, whilst others were employed in scalping and stripping the dead. After this operation was performed, the bodies of Mr. May and Dolly Fleming were thrown into the river. The party then all went on shore, taking the prisoners and the booty along with them.

The first thing now to be attended to, was the kindling of a fire, which was soon done. We were immediately afterwards stripped of the greater part of our clothes. The weather was uncommonly cold for the month of March. I wore a surtout and broadcloth coat over a red waistcoat. When these were unbuttoned, and the red vest was discovered, an Indian of the name of Chick-a-tom-mo, who had the chief command, and could speak some English, exclaimed, "Oh! you cappatain?" I answered in the negative. Then he said, pointing to his own breast, "Me cappatain—all dese," pointing to the other Indians, "my sogers." After taking my outer clothes, one of them repeated the word, "Swap — swap" — and demanded that I should give him my shirt for his, a greasy, filthy garment, that had not been washed during the whole winter. I was in the act of drawing it over my head, in compliance with his demand, when another Indian behind me, whose name I afterwards learned was Tom Lewis, pulled it back, and after reproaching the first for his unkindliness,

took the blanket from his own shoulders and threw it over mine. After this occurrence, I seated myself by the fire. Having now some leisure for reflection, I began to consider of the awful situation into which I had [18] been thus suddenly plunged. No human being, who has not experienced a similar misfortune, is capable of conceiving the horror which thrilled through my frame upon finding myself a captive to these ruthless barbarians, and at the mercy of an enemy who knew no mercy. Bred up with an instinctive horror of Indians and of Indian cruelties, it was a situation which, of all others, I had most deprecated. I felt as if cut off for ever, from my friends and from the world: already my imagination placed me at the stake, and I saw the flames about to be kindled around me.

I had not remained long in this situation, when the scalps* of Mr. May and Miss Fleming, which had been stretched upon sticks bent into a circular form, were placed before me at the fire to be dried. The sight of these scalps, thus unfeelingly placed immediately in my view; the reflection that one of them had been torn from the head of a female by our ferocious captors: the other from a man who had engaged my esteem and friendship; with

*Investigators are fairly well agreed that the practice of taking scalps is a remnant of the head-hunting still in vogue among savages in the older portions of the world. Because the head was difficult to carry, the scalp was taken as evidence.

whom I had embarked on a plan of business now utterly frustrated; and that a much more cruel destiny than his was probably reserved for me, operated with an effect which I should in vain attempt to describe.

CHAPTER III.

THE two white men, who had decoyed us on shore, now made their appearance. The name of one was Divine, the other Thomas. As soon as [19] they came up, sensible of the strong imputation from us to which their conduct had subjected them, they began a course of apology and exculpation. They solemnly declared, that they had been compelled by the Indians to act the part which had brought us into their hands; that they had really been taken off from Kennedy's Bottom some weeks before; and expressed great concern, that they had been the unwilling instruments of our captivity. We hesitated to believe them: and our doubts were increased as far as related to Divine, when a negro man who had been captured by the Indians some time before, and had continued with them ever since, arrived. He informed us, that Thomas had been extremely averse to any share in the scheme of treachery which had been practised upon us: but that Divine alone had devised it* and carried it into effect, on a promise which

*The practice of decoying travelers upon shore along the Ohio was extensively carried on. Several white men or renegades, who had joined themselves to the Indians, were engaged in it. The most notorious case was that of Simon Girty, whose name was abhorred along the border. The official reports seem to indicate that Thomas and Divine had been captured as they described and were released upon condition that they entice the May boat to the shore.

he obtained from the Indians, that they would set him at liberty if he should procure for them other white prisoners in his stead. All the intelligence we obtained on this subject induced clearly the opinion with us, that Divine's guilt was unquestionable, and that Thomas had been an involuntary agent. About the time of the negro's arrival, six squaws, most of them old women, with two white children, a girl and a boy, the former about ten or eleven years of age, the latter perhaps a year or two older, joined us. They belonged to a family which had been taken prisoners in Kentucky, and from which they had been separated.

Skyles's wound was painful, and Flinn was permitted to examine it. He ascertained that the ball had entered at the point of one shoulder, had ranged towards the other, and was lodged against it. He then made an incision with a razor, and extracted it. One of the squaws washed the wound; caught [20] the bloody water from it in a tin cup; and required Skyles to drink it, giving him to understand that by doing so the cure would be expedited.

The fire, by this time, had been considerably extended: it was at least fifty feet in length. The Indians were all seated around it. Their rifles were arranged in a line in their rear, and so near, that each individual could lay his hand on his own in an instant. They were supported by long small poles, placed horizon-

tally about three feet high on forks, and were neatly and regularly disposed. Our captors consisted of Indians from various tribes. There were Shawanese, Delawares, Wyandots, and Cherokees.* Much the largest number were Shawanese. An old chief of that tribe took a position at one end of the line of fire, and harangued the party for ten or fifteen minutes. He frequently raised his eyes and pointed to the sun, sometimes to the earth, and then to me. We were incapable of comprehending the business which occupied them, and were in a state of the most disquieting alarm; but *my* apprehensions were peculiarly excited, because he pointed at me, and at neither of the other captives. This circumstance, however, was soon explained, when at the close of his speech, Chickatommo conducted me to an Indian seated on the ground, and placed me at his side, telling me, that was *my friend;* whose name I afterwards ascertained was Messhaw-a, and that he belonged to the Shawanese tribe. Chickatommo then addressed the party from the same spot, on which the old Shawanese chief had stood, and very much

*The varied tribal nature of these Indians showed how rapidly the aborigines were being pushed westward by the whites. They no longer occupied separate hunting grounds but had become marauders in common. The Delawares originally belonged in eastern Pennsylvania and the Cherokees in Kentucky and Tennessee. The Shawnees had long resided in southern Ohio. The Wyandots came to the northern part of that state from Canada where they had been called Hurons.

after the same manner: but he pointed at Skyles, and when he had concluded his speech, delivered him to the custody of another Shawanese. The same ceremony was observed with respect [21] to Peggy Fleming and Flinn. She was allotted to the Cherokees, and Flinn to the Shawanese. Why neither of us went to the Delawares or Wyandots, we were unable then to conjecture. But the probability is, that as those tribes were at peace with the whites, the individuals of them who belonged to the party of our captors, were unwilling to incur the hazard of involving their people in war, by accepting any of the prisoners. Their presence on this occasion is sufficiently accounted for by recollecting, that young men of all the savage tribes frequently go out on predatory excursions, without consulting their chiefs or nation. The Cherokees, I believe, were not then engaged in open hostilities with us. Yet they were not influenced by any such scruples as those which governed the Delawares and Wyandots, because, perhaps, as it was their intention to bear off their captive to the Villages of Indians on the Sandusky,* or Miami† of the lake, they did not apprehend a discovery of their conduct by the whites, or

*On the banks of this stream, which flows through northern Ohio and empties into Lake Erie, were situated the great Indian villages of Upper Sandusky and Lower Sandusky, beside several smaller communities.

†This stream, now known as the Maumee River, empties into Lake Erie near the northwestern corner of the state

their own tribe, and were not disposed to forego the gratification of accepting a prisoner from the Shawanese as a reward for their assistance in making captures on the river. The Delawares and Wyandots were about to return to their own towns, and would have offended their people by bringing among them prisoners from a nation with whom they professed to be at peace.

After the distribution of the captives, Divine, Thomas, and Flinn, were required by the Indians to prepare four additional oars for the boat which they had taken from us, and with which it was their intention to attack any other boat, or boats, that might be passing down while they remained on the river. The first night of our captivity was spent in the most painful anticipations. Next morning, at [22] an early hour, our foes were busily occupied in rendering their aspect as terrific as possible, by painting their faces in the manner which will be hereafter described, when I shall speak of the war-dance. Each individual was provided with a small looking-glass, which he held before him while laying on the paint, and which was placed in a frame with a short handle, and a string through a hole in the end of it, for the purpose of tying it to his pack. This process was preparatory to their

of Ohio. It was originally called "Miami" and the words "of the lake" were added to distinguish it from the Miami rivers which flow into the Ohio river.

intended attack on any white persons who might be passing on the river, and is never omitted by them when they expect to encounter an enemy.

About ten o'clock, a canoe, containing six men, was observed to ascend the river slowly under the opposite bank. All the prisoners were compelled to go to the side of the water, for the purpose of inducing those who were in the canoe to cross over, and to come under the command of the Indian rifles. I vainly hoped that it would be in my power, by some signal or contrivance, to apprise these unfortunate persons of their danger, and to prevent their running headlong into such a snare as had succeeded against us. But in this hope I was disappointed. Divine, ingenious in wicked stratagems, seemed to be perfectly gratified to aid the savages in their views, and to feel no scruples in suggesting means for their accomplishment. He fabricated a tale, that we were passengers down the Ohio, whose boat had suffered so great an injury, that we were unable to proceed until it was repaired; but that, for want of an axe, it was impossible for us to do the necessary work. These unsuspecting canoe-men turned towards us: but the current bore them down so far below us, as to preclude all chance of my putting them on their guard. The Indians, as [23] they had acted in our case, ran down the river at such a distance from it, and under cover of the woods, that

they they were not discovered until the canoe was close to the shore, when they fired into it, and shot every one on board. As they tumbled into the water, their little bark was overset. Two, who were not yet dead, kept themselves afloat, but were so severely wounded that they could not swim off. The Indians leaped into the river, and after dragging them to the shore, despatched them with the tomahawk. The bodies of the four who were killed were also brought to land, and the whole six were scalped.* All were then thrown into the river. Nothing I could then learn, or which has since come to my knowledge, has enabled me to understand who these unfortunate sufferers were.

On the same day, two or three hours afterwards, three boats, standing down the river, came into view. I do not know why, on this occasion, the Indians relinquished the plan of treacherous deception, which had in two preceding instances eventuated to their wish. They now waited until these boats reached the

*They perform the process of scalping without regard to the size of the portion of skin taken from the crown of the head. If, in their haste to cut it off, they take more than is sufficient for their purpose, they afterwards, when at leisure, pare it down in a round shape to the diameter of about two inches. Doctor Robertson, in a note to his history of America, says: "It was originally the practice of the Americans, as well as of other savage nations, to cut off the heads of the enemies they slew, and to carry them away as trophies. But as they found these cumbersome in their retreat, which they always made very rapidly, and often through a vast extent of country, they became satisfied with tearing off their scalps." [*Note in original.*]

point in the river directly opposite to them; when they commenced an ineffectual fire with their rifles. The Ohio was there so wide, that their bullets fell far short of their objects; and after the boats had passed below us, the savages obliged all the male captives to get into the boat taken from [24] Mr. May, now provided with the additional oars made on the day before. Every Indian too, jumped into that boat, and as they were unpracticed in the use of the oar, the labour of plying it was consigned to us. Our captors stood over us, and compelled us to exert our strength in rowing; an art, in which we had as little experience as themselves. But we took care, unskilful as we were, to avoid striking all at the same time with our oars. Yet as those whom we pursued had only one pair of oars in each boat, and we had two pair in ours, we shuddered for the event. Good management on the part of the passengers in the three boats, and intentional mismanagement on our part, saved them from the imminent dangers to which they were exposed. The middle boat waited for that in the rear, received the people from it, together with their oars, and pressed forward to overtake the headmost boat. By much effort they came alongside, and all entered it, having then many hands to relieve each other in rowing, and six oars to our four. To our great joy, they shot rapidly ahead of us; when the Indians, giving

up the chase of the boat which they now perceived they could not overtake, turned their attention to the two which were adrift, and which contained the property that had been abandoned in them. A rich booty* for our captors was found on board. It consisted principally of dry goods and groceries, intended for Lexington in Kentucky. There were some very fine horses too in them, among which I recognised two remarkable animals, a mare and a horse, belonging to Mr. Thomas Marshall, brother of the Chief Justice, with whom Mr. May and I had travelled through the wilderness on our return from the west in the preceding year. That gentleman's hat was also among the relin- [25] quished articles. I recognised it at a glimpse. It was one of the cocked hats worn at that time, and a small piece had been cut or torn from the point which was worn in front. If we had overtaken strangers in these boats, and they had been captured or put to death by the savages, it would have been an affliction to me sufficiently bitter. But what would have been the aggravation of my sufferings, had the passengers, or any of them, in the event of our coming up with them, proved to be my intimates and friends.

The boats were taken to the shore, and their

*For an account of this attack, see the quotation from Burnet's *Notes on the Northwest Territory* in the Introduction to this reprint.

contents landed. The chiefs distributed the plunder among their followers, in a manner that seemed perfectly satisfactory to all. Flour, sugar, and chocolate, formed a part of their acquisitions. They probably believed that I understood the subject of making flour into bread better than they did, and that duty was required of me. I was furnished with the undressed skin of a deer, which was most disgustingly stained, by having been used as a saddle on the sore back of a horse, and was now to answer the purpose of a tray. I commenced my new employment by baking a number of loaves in the ashes. There was more dough than the fire would contain; and it struck me, that I would make the remainder into small dumplings and boil them in a kettle of chocolate then on the fire. All savages are particularly fond of sweet things. To gratify this taste, they had on the present occasion mixed a large portion of sugar with the chocolate, which in the operation of boiling infused itself into the dumplings and made them quite sweet. They were so delighted with this new, and, to them, delicious dish, that they appeared to consider me a very clever fellow as a cook, and continued me in that [26] employment as long as I was their prisoner. They then indulged to the utmost excess in drinking whiskey found on board one of the boats. But they observed a precaution which, I believe, is never neglected by them in those situations

which call on them for vigilance. A sufficient number for safe keeping and guarding their captives refrained from tasting the spirituous liquor, and had watchful eyes over us. The rest of the party drank to deep intoxication, in which Flinn went as far as any of them, and had a battle with one of the Indians, whom he easily vanquished. Some of the rest endeavoured to assist their combatant, when others interposed in Flinn's favour, and protected him from attack, declaring that such treatment as he had received would only be tolerated by women, and that having acted like *a man,* they would not suffer him to be abused. Their invariable habit is, not to quit the bottle or cask while a drop of strong drink remains; and they poured it down their throats until their stock was exhausted. This occurred in the course of the succeeding night.

In the mean time, we were separated by our guard from those who were intoxicated, and removed to some distance from them, when we laid down to sleep. Skyles and I were resolved on seizing the earliest occasion, which the course of incidents should present, for effecting our escape. We flattered ourselves, that the senseless intoxication into which the main party were plunged, the darkness of the night, or a momentary relaxation of vigilance on the part of our guard, might furnish the golden opportunity. Our scheme was, to get into one of the boats lying under the bank of

the river, and to drop without noise down the stream. If we could get but a little distance from the shore [27] unperceived, there would be a good prospect of success. We remained silent until we believed that all our sentinels were asleep. We then commenced a conversation in whispers, which we presumed would not be heard; or, if heard, would not be understood by our guard, who knew nothing of the English language. But the wakeful suspicions of our keepers were always on the alert; and when our whispers reached their ears, they deduced the most unfavourable inferences, and put an end, at least for the present, to all our hopes, by confining us closely with cords. Soon after this was done, one of the drunken Indians straggled from his companions, and came to us, brandishing his scalping knife. He quickly worked himself up into a great rage, and throwing himself across the body of Skyles, fastened on his hair and was determined to take off his scalp. It was with some difficulty that he was prevented, by those who were sober, from effecting his object. Resistance on the part of the prisoner was utterly beyond his power. They had secured both of us completely, by tying us down, in a manner which will be hereafter more minutely explained. During the night, Divine and Thomas secretly disappeared, without an effort, that we could discover, on the part of the Indians to detain them.

[28] CHAPTER IV.

ON the following day, the Indians seemed to think that their booty was of sufficient value to be worth carrying to their towns, and we took our departure from the Ohio in the afternoon. But all did not move off together. Those to whom Flinn belonged remained at the river, and we never saw them or him afterwards. When we began our march, a cow, taken in one of the boats which had been abandoned on the preceding day, as I have already related, was committed to my care. I was required to lead her by a rope secured to her horns. This creature perplexed me exceedingly. I suppose she had not been accustomed to travel in this way. She resisted my exertions to get her forward. She would leave the track on which we walked, and frequently when I passed on one side of a tree, she would insist on taking the other; to the great diversion of the Indians, who laughed immoderately at the difficulties into which they had brought me with this unmanageable animal.

Late in the evening we reached an encampment, where our captors had probably spent some time before we fell into their hands. It was about five miles from the river, and they had left a number of horses, stolen from

the settlements of Kentucky, a quantity of dried bear's meat, venison, peltry, and some of their people, at this retired spot. It was a rich valley, where there was no undergrowth of timber, but a luxuriance of tender grass below a covering of thick weeds, which protected it from the effects of frost and cold. This encampment [29] was provided with shelters from the weather, composed of skins stretched over poles in the form of a tent. The valley in which it was situated afforded subsistence for their horses. Here, to my great relief, they took the cow off my hands by slaughtering her. After breakfast, on the next day, Chickatommo, attended by a party belonging to his tribe, and by the Cherokees with Peggy Fleming, left the encampment. The horses, (all of which he took with him,) were packed with the meat and peltry. The rest of the party followed not long after these. We travelled through a trackless wilderness, abounding in game, on which the Indians depended entirely for subsistence during the journey. Their plan was, to carry home the dried meat for the summer use of their families. On the first or second day's progress, the Indians observed a tree, the bark of which was marked by the claws of a bear, easily distinguished by these sagacious and experienced hunters. They immediately went to work with axes which were found in the captured boats, and soon felled the tree. Two very small cubs were

found in its hollow trunk. Their dam, attracted by the noise at her den, came up when the tree fell, and was shot. We regaled ourselves upon the flesh of the cubs, which to me was excellent eating, although the manner of dressing was not such as to improve its quality or to suit a delicate taste. Their entrails were taken out, and after the hair was thoroughly singed from their carcasses, heads, and feet, they were roasted whole. On the next day, a remarkably fat bear was killed, and we remained on the ground where he was taken, until all his meat was consumed.

The Indians now indicated a disposition to loiter and throw away time, very little in unison with the im- [30] patience which I felt to move on as rapidly as possible. I had conceived, and could not help cherishing the hope, that at our arrival at their towns it might be my good fortune to meet with some compassionate trader, who would, by ransom or otherwise, relieve me from the sufferings and dangers of my captivity. An accident, in other respects unimportant, subjected me to a night's torture. The savages, apprehensive of possible danger from pursuit, had left a few of their party in their rear, to watch on their track, and to give them timely intelligence of any attempt that might be made by the whites to overtake them, and wrest from them either their prisoners or their plunder. To the few, thus left in the rear, my sentinel and protector,

Meshawa, belonged. In his absence, I was committed to the custody of another Shawanese, altogether unlike him in temper and character. When he was about to secure my arms at night, by lashing a rope around them, I injudiciously and without reflection complained that he drew the rope too tight. Upon which he exclaimed, "Damn you soul!" and tightened it with all the vigour he could exert, so closely, that by the morning it was buried in the flesh of one of my arms. I could obtain no rest; and when Meshawa came up with us the next day, it was exceedingly swelled and throbbed with agony. At the moment of his arrival he loosened the ligature from my limb, and harshly rebuked the other for the severity of his conduct towards me.

The Indians still continued the habit of daily lounging. If a bear was killed, and they swallowed a plentiful repast of it; or if any other food was procured, which afforded them an abundant meal; immediately after satisfying their appetites, they laid themselves down to sleep. When they [31] awoke, if a sufficiency was yet in the camp, they would again eat plentifully, and sleep as before. Some packs of cards were found among other articles of their plunder from the boats. With these they amused themselves daily, by playing a game entirely new to me, which, when interpreted into English, was called "Nosey." Only two hands were dealt out, and the object of each

player was, by a mode of play which I do not now recollect, to retain a part of the cards in his own possession at the close of the hand, and to get all from his adversary. When this was done, the winner had a right to a number of fillips, at the nose of the loser, equal to the number of cards remaining in the winner's hand. When the operation of the winner was about to begin, the loser would place himself firmly in his seat, assuming a solemn gravity of countenance, and not permitting the slightest change in any muscle of his face. At every fillip the bystanders would burst into a peal of laughter, while the subject of the process was required to abstain completely even from a smile; and the penalty was doubled on him if he violated this rule. It is astonishing to what an excess they were delighted with this childish diversion. After two had played for some time, others would take their places, and the game was often continued hour after hour.

While the Indians were employed in this amusement, I endeavoured to begin, and intended to keep, a journal of my travels. I was very imperfectly provided with the means of accomplishing my purpose. A copy of the Debates of the Convention of Virginia,* assembled to decide on the adoption or rejection of the Federal Constitution, was found in one of the boats taken on the Ohio. I had brought

*This convention had met at Williamsburg two years before. Several editions of the *Proceedings* were printed.

it from that river to serve as a source [32] of amusement; and on the margins of its pages I determined to write my notes. The quill of a wild turkey was the best I could procure, of which I made a pen with a scalping knife. I furnished myself with ink by mixing water and coal dust together, and began my daily minutes of our progress and its incidents. This attracted the attention, but did not excite the disquiet, of the Indians. Tom Lewis, the same who gave me the blanket, when another was about to strip me of my shirt, after I had written some lines of my journal, took it from my hands, carried it to the others who were sitting around the fire, and showed it to them all. They seemed gratified and surprised at what indicated, in their opinion, something extraordinary about me, which, however, they could not comprehend.

When the party had satisfied themselves with "Nosey," we resumed our march, and arrived at a large branch of the Sciota, which is, I believe, the same that is marked, on an excellent map of the State of Ohio in my possession, by the name of Salt Creek.* My shoes had been taken from me, and one of the squaws had made me a pair of mockasins from the leather of a greasy pair of old leggings. I

*This is an eastern tributary to the Scioto. Its name was due to the location along its banks of numerous salt springs from which the first settlers in the Northwest Territory obtained their supply of this commodity.

was in front when we came to the edge of the water. The stream was rapid. I was unacquainted with its depth, could not swim, and hesitated to enter. An old woman, who was next behind me, took the lead, carrying a staff in her hand, with which she supported herself against the force of the current. If a man had gone in before me, I should still have hesitated; but being confident that I could wade safely wherever the old woman could get along, I followed her. The bed of the creek was formed entirely of round smooth stones, [33] from which my greasy mockasins were so incessantly slipping, that I was every moment in extreme danger of losing my feet, and gained the opposite bank with the utmost difficulty.

CHAPTER V.

IN the course of two or three days we came up with Chickatommo and his party, who had waited for us. The Cherokees, with their prisoner Peggy Fleming, had separated themselves from the Shawanese chief, and had taken a different route from that which we were to follow. The deportment of this girl was a subject of no little astonishment to me. I had expected, that the distressing occurrences which had befallen us, and the gloomy prospect before us; the destruction of nearly all the party, and the death of her sister before her eyes; her own captivity and probably dreadful fate; would have plunged her into grief and despondency. But no such effect was produced. On the contrary, from the day of our capture, up to the time when she was borne off by the Cherokees, she seemed to be perfectly indifferent to the horrors of her situation. She enjoyed a high flow of spirits; and, indeed, I had never seen any one who appeared to be more contented and happy.

About this period of our journey, we came to a line of trees which had been marked by surveyors:* a class of persons against whom

*Survey of the public lands in the Northwest Territory had been undertaken by Thomas Hutchins, the government "geographer," three years before. After laying off seven of the ranges provided by the system of surveys, the labor

the savages entertain the deepest and most malignant hatred; because they consider them the agents by whom their [34] lands are laid off and taken from them, and because they are invariably harbingers of occupancy and settlement by the whites. The view of the trees, with the chops of the axe on their bark, irritated our party so highly, that we had reason to fear for our immediate safety. They poured forth curses on us, with a bitterness and fury that continued for some time: nor did they become calm again, until we had gone some distance beyond the marked line.

Incidents of this kind, occurring every day, I might almost say every hour, necessarily subjected us to frequent and severe suffering. But the miseries of the night were more uniform. Before we went to rest, our captors adopted the most rigorous measures for securing us. Our arms were pinioned by a strong rope of buffalo hide, which was stretched in a straight line, and each end secured to a tree. Our keepers laid themselves by us on these ropes, three or four on each side: but they were at liberty to change their positions, while we could only lie on our backs. We were generally placed on different sides, sometimes on the same side of the fire. No covering was allowed me, ex-

was abandoned through fear of the savages. Before 1790, the work had been renewed. Probably the marks observed in this instance were made by surveyors engaged in running lines for the Ohio Company at Marietta.

cept a child's blanket; for that which Tom Lewis had thrown over my shoulders on the first day of my captivity, had been restored to him as soon as the morning cold subsided. Skyles's blanket was much larger than mine, but we were not permitted to keep each other warm, by lying together, or bringing our bed clothes into a joint stock. The fire usually burnt down about the time when we awoke, fatigued with our position, and benumbed with cold. The residue of the night was nothing more than a series of severe pains; and when morning arrived, I was frequently incapable of [35] standing on my feet, until the warmth of the fire restored my strength. A deer-skin under us formed our sole protection from the cold and dampness of the earth.

Skyles and I repeatedly conversed on a plan of escape which we meditated, but the execution of which we agreed, for the present, to delay. The weather had been for some time dry. The vast multitude of leaves, with which the ground was covered in the woods through which we travelled, rendered it impossible to pass over them in their present state, however cautiously, without producing a noise so loud as to reach with certainty the ears of the Indians, and to betray our flight. We hoped for rain before the expiration of many days, and were resolved on an attempt to regain our liberty as soon as the moist state of the leaves would permit us to walk among them unheard.

Skyles had carefully concealed a knife in the pocket of his breeches, with which he intended to cut the cords that confined us at some favourable hour of the night; and it was our design then to run off into the woods, whatever might be the hazard of wandering about, destitute as we were, in the solitary wilds of the extensive forest by which we were surrounded. But unluckily, one morning, when he rose from the spot on which he had slept, I discovered the knife lying on his deer skin, and believing myself unobserved by the Indians, I pointed it out to him. They, however, perceived it as quickly as he did, and instantly stripped our breeches from both of us. To supply their place, we were furnished with such covering as the Indians themselves were accustomed to wear.

Skyles had, until this period, carried five English guineas in his watch pocket. When he was re- [36] quired to take off his breeches, several squaws were present. He therefore stepped a short distance aside; dropped the gold on the earth among the leaves; and pretending to employ himself in darning the legs of his stockings with a needle and thread, borrowed from one of the squaws, he took care to keep his back turned towards the party until he made a bag for his money out of a part of the linen of his shirt, which he cut off with a pair of scissors lent by the same squaw from whom he had obtained the needle and thread.

This bag he carried under the covering which was around his waist, and we valued its contents as a fund from which we might derive substantial benefit, should we ever reach a place where comforts could be procured. But we had not travelled longer than three or four days, when the pieces of gold wore a hole through the linen bag, and were all lost.

The incident of the knife disposed the Indians to adopt a greater degree of rigour towards us than had been before practised. When we lay down to sleep at night, each of us had one end of a cord tied around his neck, and the other extended and fastened to a tree or stake five or six feet from his head. From this cord a small bell was suspended, which rattled with the slightest motion of our bodies, and announced to the whole party that we were stirring; and on every such occasion their vigilant attention was directed towards us. When this mode of confining us was first resorted to, the circumstances by which it was attended excited great alarm, and subjected us to the most painful terror for several hours. We had halted, early in the afternoon, in a small prairie. The Indians brought from an adjacent wood six strong stakes, which they drove securely into the ground. The bark [37] was taken off; each stake was painted red: and a cord, fixed around the neck of each prisoner, seemed to indicate preparations for an awful event. Skyles was extremely ter-

rified. My conjecture was, that nothing more was designed by the Indians than to take some new measure for retaining us securely in their power. The course of reasoning by which I endeavoured to allay the agitation of Skyles's mind, was ineffectual; and he at last begged that I would snatch up one of the rifles placed near us, and put him to death. The evening passed off; the hour of rest arrived; and we discovered that their arrangements looked no farther than to our safe keeping.

The cords put around our necks were, during the day, bound up at the ends into a sort of club, which hung down behind. This club on Skyles's neck reached precisely to his wound, which it severely annoyed and irritated. Yet the Indians loaded him with a very heavy pack, of which he could not venture to complain; because, in that event, he well knew, that his unfeeling master would aggravate the evil, by doubling his burden. As to myself, I had regularly borne a large weight of booty on my back from the encampment near the Ohio river, and was never permitted to travel without an uncommonly heavy rifle barrel, which, in addition to my pack, incommoded me most grievously.

It is the habit of these Indians, to treasure up all the bear's oil which they collect during the hunting season, and carry it to their villages for home use. It is put up in deer skins, which are stripped from the animal with as

little splitting as possible, and the openings necessarily made are carefully and securely closed. These skins, when filled, are [38] usually transported on horses, each horse bearing two. The oil is eaten with their jerked venison, and is as palateable an addition to that article of food, as butter is to bread. On one occasion, those of the party who had charge of the horses, had started from our encampment in the morning sooner than the rest, and had, perhaps inadvertently, left on the ground one of these skin-bags of bear's oil. When the foot party were about to commence their march they discovered it, and I was required to bear it. The bag was accordingly placed on my back, secured by a hoppas,* whilst my pack and rifle barrel were carried by one of the Indians. I found it a much heavier burden than I had before sustained. Ignorant as yet of their temper towards me, and apprehensive of mischief, should I manifest a refractory spirit, I determined to bear this oppressive load as long as my strength

*The *hoppas* is a strap, fourteen or fifteen feet long, by which the pack is secured to the back. It is about two and a half inches wide in the middle, and gradually narrows towards each end to the width of one inch, or three-fourths of an inch. A length of near two feet, in the middle, or broadest part, is very closely woven, and neatly ornamented with beads and porcupine's quills, stained of various colours, and tastefully wrought into fanciful forms. The hoppas is so tied to the pack, that this ornamented portion passes over the breast and upper part of the arms, and is all that can be seen in front. It is curiously plaited by the hand, and is made from the bark of a wild plant closely resembling hemp, and quite as strong. [*Note in original.*]

could endure it. I staggered along under its weight for perhaps a mile, or more; when, unable any longer to support it, I threw it down. My usual pack was then given to me, and the oppressive weight from which I had relieved myself was taken up by one of the party and carried forward till we overtook those who were mounted, without any appearance of displeasure on their part at my conduct.

Very soon after our capture, they invented names for Skyles and myself. I was called Ketesselo. [39] Whether this word was intended to express any particular idea, or whether any precise meaning was conveyed by it, I could not learn. The appellation, in their language, by which they distinguished my fellow-prisoner, does not occur to my memory. But its English is, "Stinking white man;" applied to my unfortunate friend, because his wound had become offensive to the smell, although I was in the habit of washing it for him regularly every day.

At length, after a journey of ten or twelve days, we arrived on the eastern bank of the Sciota, at a point where our party determined to cross the river. But the water was too deep to be passed by fording; and all were soon employed in preparing a raft for the transportation of the men, women, prisoners, and baggage. The horses swam over. The dead timber, selected for constructing the raft, was felled and carried on the shoulders of the men to the

waterside. A log had been cut, which was so large and heavy, that two persons were not able to carry it. Some of the party assisted a couple of their people to get the smaller end of this log on their shoulders, whilst I was required to bear the larger. They aided me in taking it up, but I quickly perceived that the burden was beyond my strength; and after staggering with it a short distance, there was no alternative but to throw it down. I called to the men who were in front of me with the smaller end, and told them in English, for I could not speak their language, what I was about to do. They probably did not understand me; and when I dashed the log to the ground, its whole weight by the sudden jolt was thrown so violently upon them, as to bring them to the earth with the log upon them. This roused them to a pitch of rage which might have seriously endangered my life, had not the in- [40] jury which they received been so severe, that it was not in their power for some time to rise. But the incident was a subject of high sport to their brethren, who roared with laughter, while my fellow-labourers were repeatedly crying, "Damn Ketesselo! —Damn Ketesselo!" It is remarkable, that although only two Indians of this party understood or could speak our language, yet there was not one of them who did not utter curses in English; and all had caught the common salutation, "How-

d'ye-do?" A consequence, which I did not regret, resulted from the adventure of the log. I was no longer required to aid in conveying the trunks of trees to the river. The raft was completed by securing together the logs which composed it with grape-vines, and we all went over on it by making several trips.

CHAPTER VI.

NOT long after passing the Sciota, we fell in with a hunting party, who encamped not far from us. Some of our Indians conducted me to their encampment; narrated boastfully the occurrences of our capture, and of their chasing the boats on the Ohio; and exulted in their success. Although I did not understand their language, their signs, gestures, and countenances, were so significant that I easily comprehended them. About this time, while I was crossing a creek upon a log, which lay over it at the height of five or six feet from its surface, the greasy mockasins which I wore were so slip-
[41] pery, that I tumbled off, over head and ears into the stream. But it was not deeper than my waist, and I had no difficulty in gaining the bank. Such is in general the stern gravity of face and deportment by which the savages are distinguished, that when we turn our attention to this trait in their manners, we are ready to infer, that they are entire strangers to mirth. But this, or any like trivial occurrence, never failed to produce from them loud and repeated bursts of merriment. It is perhaps worthy of notice, that although I had been little accustomed to exposure; had never been subjected to trials and hardships such as

I was now compelled to undergo; yet no injurious effect on my health ensued from wading creeks, falling into the water, lying out in the open air, in all kinds of weather, nor from any other inconvenience which I encountered in the course of this long and painful march, the first I had ever made on foot.

Mr. Skyles and I soon found, that we had fallen into very different hands. Perhaps the characters of no two men ever formed a more striking contrast, than did those of his keeper and mine. Messhawa, to whom I had the good fortune to be allotted, had qualities which would have done honour to human nature in a state of the most refined civilization; whilst his keeper possessed such as disgraced even the savage. The one was humane, generous, and noble; the other was ferocious, cruel, and brutal. These distinguishing traits, which clearly showed themselves from the first, continued to mark the conduct of each throughout the whole of our subsequent journey. As regarded my safe keeping, Messhawa exerted a watchfulness and a fidelity to his trust, which never slumbered for a moment. But even in the execu- [42] tion of his duty, he evinced a regard to my feeling, and a desire to mitigate the severity of my sufferings: whilst the conduct of Skyles's keeper was calculated, in every respect, to wound his sensibility, and to aggravate his pain. At our meals, Messhawa would divide with me to

the last morsel; but not so with the other. *His* object seemed to be, to afford his prisoner a sufficiency to sustain life, and nothing more. On one occasion, when we had penetrated far into the interior of the country after a fatiguing day's march, Skyles was eating some boiled racoon out of a kettle which was set before him. He had taken but a few morsels, when his keeper in an angry tone, snatched the kettle from him, and told him, he had ate enough, and should have no more!—It is true, we did not know these to be the words which he uttered, but from his gestures and manner we believed such to be the purport of them. Plentifully furnished with provisions for myself, from the bountiful hand of Messhawa, I felt the strongest inclination to supply the wants of my companion. But this could only be done by stealth; because I feared that discovery would draw down upon me the vengeance of his brutal keeper, and place it out of my power to minister to the sufferings of my less fortunate fellow-prisoner. The persons of these two Indians were as different as the qualities of their hearts. Messhawa was tall, straight, muscular, and remarkably well formed, of a very dark complexion, with a countenance free from the harshness and ferocity usually exhibited by the savage face, and expressive of mildness and humanity. He was distinguished as a swift runner. The other, whose name I have forgotten, was old, below

the middle stature, lame, with a countenance on which the temper he continually displayed was very srongly marked.

[43] My friend Skyles had procured a copy of the New Testament, which he frequently indulged himself in reading when we halted. One morning, when he was sitting at the fire with the book in his hand, endeavouring to extract that consolation from its pages which was inaccessible from any other source, the brutal old man, to whose custody he had been consigned, snatched it from him; harshly reproved him for reading it; and threw it into the flames.

The hour now arrived, when the man, who had been my companion in all the afflicting scenes of adversity through which I had passed since my capture; who was the sole individual with whom I could hold conversation; and the object of my warm and incessant sympathy, was separated from me. We had observed, that eyes of never-wearied vigilance were fastened upon us by our captors, and that their suspicions were always alive to every circumstance in our conduct. We therefore adopted the resolution, to deny ourselves the indulgence of a frequent interchange of thoughts and words, and to say little to each other, lest the Indians, apprehensive that a plan of escape might be the subject of our talk, should put an end to all communication between us. We strictly conformed to this resolution for some

time, until a delightful state of the atmosphere on an April day so elevated our spirits, that we conversed much more freely than a discreet conformity to our own views of the subject would have prescribed. We were immediately punished for our imprudence. A party, consisting of eight or ten Indians, turned, with their prisoner Skyles, to the villages on the Miami of the lake. The others proceeded with me and the two white children towards the towns on the river Sandusky. My [44] heart sunk within me when he was torn from my side. But the bitterness of the misfortune was greatest on his part; and I had yet some slender comforts left, while he had none. His wound, irritated by the pack which he carried, demanded care and attention. I had been in the daily habit of washing it; not a creature besides had touched it for a long time. He was now entirely in the hands of his unfeeling lame keeper, who cherished a savage delight in aggravating his sufferings; and there was not one among those around him who spoke his language. I was not wounded. Messhawa was of a kind, and even benevolent temper. Two of the Indians remaining with me were capable of expressing themselves in broken English; the little white boy and girl too were yet of my party.—Imagination may, perhaps, supply what the pen cannot describe, in relation to such a subject as the parting between Mr. Skyles and me.

To say, that we cordially shook each other by the hand; that we embraced; that tears flowed in profusion from our eyes; would inadequately impart our emotions. Despair was the prevailing agent in the bosoms of both; and we quitted each other without a ray of hope to illumine our prospects.

Soon after our separation, the people to whom I belonged halted, about midday, for refreshment. An Indian, well advanced in years, retired fifteen or twenty steps from the fire, and, lying down with his face to the ground, fell asleep. A young man, who had kept his eyes on him, waited until he was perfectly in slumber. He then advanced, cautiously and without the slightest noise, to the spot where the other was quietly reposing; raised and dropped his tomahawk several times over his body; and at last struck its blade into his back with all the [45] strength he could exert. The wounded man sprung on his feet, and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. But he was not pursued; nor did he afterwards rejoin us. I was never able to obtain a clue to this assassinating attempt. Incidents of this nature, though followed by no interesting consequence, yet go far to show the character of the singular and savage people who had me in their possession.

A number of days subsequent to this were spent without any remarkable occurrence. The party sometimes travelled, often halted for the

purpose of eating, sleeping, and playing their favorite game "Nosey," which they sometimes exchanged for a game like that called, among us, Five Corns. They also occasionally amused themselves by dancing, invariably accompanied with a song composed of the words, "Kon-nu-kah,—He-ka-kah, — We-sa-too, — Hos-ses-kah" — repeated with a tone which did not strike the ear with a very musical effect. When they became fatigued with this exercise, they sometimes compelled Mr. Skyles, before he was separated from me, and myself, to imitate them in both the dance and the song, the words of which were repeated by me often enough to impress them so perfectly on my memory, that they are not yet forgotten. In one instance we were required, when the blaze of the fire was very high, to leap through it, and only escaped injury by performing the act as quickly as possible.

They carried two or three tobacco pipes, with which every man smoked when he chose, and they practised that amusement to great excess. A circle was frequently formed, and the pipe passed round from one to another, until all were satisfied. They are addicted, as I have before remarked, to taciturnity; and on these occasions, while enjoying [46] the fumes of their tobacco, a word was rarely spoken by an individual among them. Sometimes a short, dry observation would escape one of those

within the circle, to which the others would express their assent by a sort of grunt. They are much in the habit of conveying their ideas by a gesture or sign, always made with striking significancy.

We had now penetrated a great distance into the interior of a wild and uninhabited country; and I was compelled to abandon every thing like an effort or a hope to escape from my captors. Even though I had succeeded in eluding their incessant vigilance, so far as to get out of their power, I should have been unable to procure sustenance of any kind, or to explore my way through woods and deserts, for I knew not how many miles; and must have perished with hunger, or fallen into the hands of other Indians, parties of whom were wandering about in every direction. I was therefore reconciled to a continuance with them until we should arrive at their towns, where I flattered myself I might be purchased or ransomed by some benevolent trader.

During the whole march, we subsisted on bear's meat, venison, turkeys, and racoons, with which we were abundantly supplied, as the ground over which we passed afforded every species of game in profusion, diminishing, however, as we approached their villages. But we were destitute of bread and salt, necessaries of life to a white man, while they are considered mere superfluities by the Indian warrior or hunter, when he is occupied in

war or the chase. A mode of living perfectly new to me; the fatigues of the journey; my exposure to all the inclemencies of the season and climate; and the uneasiness of mind under which I constantly laboured, [47] wasted my strength and depressed my spirits. I had been nearly four weeks on this distressful journey. The vast wilderness through which I had passed, and that which still stretched before me, produced in my mind the frequent recollection of those beautiful lines from Goldsmith's Hermit, which were precisely adapted to my present condition:

> **For here forlorn and lost I tread,**
> **With fainting steps, and slow,**
> **Where wilds, immeasurably spread,**
> **Seem length'ning as I go.**

But in addition to all these miseries, there was another source of painful apprehension, to which I could not advert with unconcern. I had heard enough of the Indian habits and manners to understand, that it is their usage, on reaching their towns with a prisoner, to subject him to the degrading and severe infliction of blows, while he runs the gauntlet.

All the women and boys are provided with staves, clubs, and such other weapons as they may choose. They are then arranged in two ranks, at a short distance from each other, and the captive is compelled to make his progress between these ranks at whatever pace he pleases, while every possible exertion is made

to annoy and to beat him down. Should he be fortunate enough, when thus exposed, to avoid extreme injury, yet he is not exempted from the most awful calamity which barbarism has invented for those who fall into its power. If the vindictive temper of the savages is unappeased; if they are not under the influence of those motives, or whims, or peculiar customs, which determine them on saving life; the miserable prisoner is fastened to a stake, a fire is kindled around him, his sufferings are aggravated and protracted by all [48] the ingenuity of torture, until nature can bear it no longer, and he dies in agony inconceivable.

The gloom, which reflection on such subjects had spread over my mind, was in some degree dispelled by an incident, which, under ordinary circumstances would have been disregarded. We found a negro in the woods, under cover of a tent, which contained a quantity of whiskey and peltry belonging to his master, an Indian of the Wyandot tribe, then at peace with the United States. This negro was a runaway from the state of Kentucky,* and had fled across the Ohio to the country of the savages; among whom it was a law, as I was informed, that the first who should lay hands on such runaway had a right to hold

*Although fugitive slaves among the Indians north of the Ohio were not so numerous as those among the Seminoles of Florida, this relation of Johnston shows the presence of several with whom he came into contact. The whole number must have been considerable.

him as his property. The negro had been thus acquired by the Wyandot, who was, when we fell in with the negro, engaged in hunting, and had, on a trading expedition, recently visited the Muskingum, where he had obtained the whiskey now in the possession and care of his negro man.

I now felt myself quite at home; and the poor negro, whom under other circumstances, I should have kept at a distance, became my companion and friend. He treated me with great kindness and hospitality, offering me such refreshments as he had, the most acceptable of which were bread and salt. I had not tasted either since we left the Ohio river. My captors, as soon as they ascertained that the negro had whiskey for sale, began to barter for it a part of the booty which they had acquired on the Ohio. A pair of new boots, which they had taken from my saddlebags, and for which I had paid eight dollars at Petersburg, was given for a pint of whiskey; and other articles were exchanged at a similar rate. The scenes which had passed on [49] the Ohio were now to be acted over again. A disgusting revelry commenced, which lasted for three days. As usual, a sufficient number remained sober to guard the prisoners, consisting, at this time, only of the two children and myself.

On the first night, about the time when we were composing ourselves for rest, we were removed to some distance from the spot occu-

pied by those who were in a state of intoxication, that we might not, while asleep, be disturbed by them. The two children had never been tied; but I was confined by cords, and Indians laid themselves on each side of me as before. In this situation I slept, until about midnight, when I was awaked by the falling of rain. Soon after, the negro, who had observed the direction in which we had gone when removed from the place where the drunken Indians were, arrived at our camp, and kindly proposed to me, that I should go with him to his tent, and sleep under it, protected from the rain. I pointed out the impossibility of accepting his invitation, without the consent of my guard, lying on each side of me, upon the rope with which I was confined. These men, hearing a conversation between the negro and myself which they did not understand, conceived a suspicion that he was concerting with me measures for my escape. They immediately sprung up, and seizing the negro, set up a tremendous yell, which was answered by the drunken party, and presently most of them came running towards us with their tomahawks in their hands. The negro, who could speak their language, was taken off a short distance and interrogated as to the object of his visit to me; after which I was separately questioned on the same point by one of those who spoke English. As there was an entire correspondence in our answers, [50]

the Indians did not doubt their truth; and I was permitted to accept the invitation of my new friend. I soon reached his tent, accompanied by nearly all the Indians, who appeared to have been much sobered by the incident which had just occurred. I then laid myself down within the tent, near its entrance, in front of which there was a fire. Sheltered from the rain, and no longer encumbered by ropes, I soon fell into a profound sleep, which I should probably have enjoyed till the morning, had not my slumbers been interrupted by a sensation like that called the night-mare; but which was, in fact, produced by the weight of a large Indian sitting composedly on my breast, before the fire, and smoking his pipe. I turned over and dropped him on the ground, where he continued to sit, indulging, as if nothing had occurred, in his favourite amusement of smoking, until I again sunk into sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the morning, a frightful scene presented itself: they were preparing for the war-dance. A pole had been cut from the woods; after taking the bark from it, it was painted black, with streaks of red, winding like snakes around it: the lower end was sharpened, and at the top the scalps of my late companions, with others which they had obtained during their excursion, were suspended. Each Indian had dressed himself for the occasion. some had painted their faces black, with red round the eyes; others, reversing it, had painted their faces [51] red, with black round the eyes: all with feathers stuck in their heads, and all with the aspect of so many demons. When they had finished adorning themselves in this manner, the pole was stuck fast into the ground. They formed themselves into a circle around it: and then the dance began. It commenced with the fell war-whoop, which had not ceased to ring in my ears since the fatal morning of our capture. They danced around the pole, writhing their bodies and distorting their faces in a most hideous manner. It is their practice, on such occasions, to repeat the injuries which have been inflicted on them by their enemies the whites; their lands taken from them—their villages burnt—their cornfields laid waste—their fathers and brothers

killed—their women and children carried into captivity. In this instance, by these repetitions of their wrongs and sufferings, they had wrought themselves up to a pitch of the greatest fury.

The dance lasted for about half an hour. The scene being new to me, I had seated myself on a log to witness it. When it ended, Chickatommo, with eyes flashing fire, advanced towards me, and when in reach struck me a violent blow on the head. I immediately quitted my seat, seized him over the arms, and demanded why he struck me? He replied, by saying, "Sit down!—sit down!" I accordingly loosened my grasp, and resumed my seat on the log. At that moment, perceiving the two prisoner children near, who, like myself, had been attentive spectators of the dance, he snatched up a tomahawk that was at hand, and advanced towards them with a quick step and determined look. Alarmed at his menacing approach they fled:—he pursued. My humane friend Messhawa, seeing the imminent danger to which they were exposed, [52] bounded like a deer to their relief. The boy being older and stronger than his sister, she was the first to be overtaken by Chickatommo, and would have been the first to fall a victim to his rage; but at the moment when the fatal instrument was raised to strike her dead, Messhawa had reached the spot. Coming up behind Chickatommo, he seized him around the arms, and

with violence slung him back. He then darted towards the affrighted child, whom he reached in an instant, snatched her up in his arms, and pursued the boy. Misconstruing the good intentions of Messhawa, he redoubled his exertions to escape, and they had run a considerable distance before he was overtaken. When his deliverer came up with him, he thought all was over, and gave a bitter shriek, which was answered by one still more bitter from his sister, then in the arms of Messhawa and who had not yet understood his object. They were both, however, soon undeceived. Although he spoke to them in an unknown tongue, his language, from the manner of it, could not be misunderstood. They found that they had been mistaken, and that they had been pursued by a friend instead of an enemy. When this was ascertained, their little palpitating hearts were soon calmed into repose, and presently they arrived at our camp, walking by the side of Messhawa, who held each by the hand, and soothed them as they advanced with his caresses. The wood being an open one, I had viewed the scene with intense gaze; and nothing could exceed the delight I felt at finding my poor little companions thus relieved from the dangers of so perilous a situation.

On the next day two Mingo Indians* ar-

*The Mingos inhabited the country now embraced in the eastern part of the state of Ohio. They were a remnant of the once powerful Iroquois.

rived, and immediately participated in the drunken debauchery of our camp. One of these men had killed in the [53] course of the preceding summer, an Indian of the Wyandot tribe, who was a husband, and the father of several children. Among all the sávage nations of America, the usage prevails, of adopting prisoners taken in war for the purpose of supplying any loss incurred by those, who have had their friends slain in battle, or otherwise. If one takes the life of another belonging to his own or a different tribe, he is bound to make reparation to the family of the dead man, either by the payment of a certain value in property, or by furnishing a substitute for the deceased, who occupies precisely the same station, and fills all the relations of such deceased in the community to which he belonged; becomes the husband of his widow, should he have left one, the father of his children, and is required to perform all the duties appertaining to these connexions. If reparation is not made for the death of a man by one of the modes which have been mentioned, within a period limited by their usages, the murderer becomes liable to be killed with impunity by the relatives of him who has fallen, or by any other of his tribe. In this instance, the Mingo stated to my captors his wretched situation. He declared himself so poor, that he was not able to render the requisite value for the Wyandot whom he had slain;

and therefore that his own life must be forfeited, unless the alternative condition was fulfilled by him. While their hearts were warmed more by the operation of the spirituous liquor they had drank, than by any genuine emotions of liberality, they did not hesitate to yield to his solicitations; and I was delivered over to this new master, to be substituted for the Wyandot whom he had murdered.

When I had ascertained, that those with whom I had travelled from the Ohio River, were preparing [54] to resume their journey, and to leave me in the hands of my new possessor, I was utterly astonished and incapable of conceiving the cause of so unexpected a determination. For the purpose of relieving my mind from the anxiety and alarm necessarily produced by my transfer to the Mingo, I requested the negro to explain its object. He was equally ignorant with myself of the negotiations between my present and former proprietors, and applied to both parties for explanation. The intelligence, unreservedly communicated to him by each, was perfectly concurrent, and the perturbation of my feelings was in a great degree diminished, when I learnt, that I was destined shortly to become a husband and a father. The prospect, indeed, was not very rapturous, of leading to the altar of Hymen an Indian squaw, already the mother of several children. But there was something extremely consoling in the hope, I

might say in the persuasion, that such an event would bring within my reach those chances of escape from the savages, and for restoration to my country and friends, which I had thus far vainly exerted myself to obtain.

The Indians, whose captive I had heretofore been, took up their packs immediately after surrendering me to the Mingo, and continued their march. But before they set out, every individual made it a point to take leave of me, and to shake me by the hand. Several of them, by their countenances and manner, evinced feelings of kindness, and even of regret, at parting. My excellent friend Messhawa, who had certainly formed an attachment to me, seemed to partake more of this feeling than any of them.

After they left us, I had leisure to reflect on my new condition, and believed I had reason to con- [55] gratulate myself on a change so auspicious. The matrimonial connexion, which had been designed for me, without my consent, occupied my mind, and I entertained an earnest curiosity with respect to the female, the place of whose husband I was to supply, and with whom I was to be allied by the ties of marriage. Whether she was old or young, ugly or handsome, deformed or beautiful, were the questions not without their interest to me. I therefore inquired on those subjects from the Mingo, by the aid of my interpreter, the negro. But he had never seen

her, and could give me no information, except that she was the mother of three or four children. But whatever might be her personal appearance, or the qualities of her heart; whether she was destitute of charms, or distinguished for them; the plan to be pursued by me was clear, and my resolution was not to deviate from it. I was not to be consulted in relation to the marriage intended for me by those who claimed the disposal of my person: whether it was to be productive of happiness or misery to me, was no concern of theirs. The only benefit which could result on my side would be, that I should be free, and no longer continue the object of suspicion and vigilance; and might seize on the first favourable opportunity which presented itself, of returning to the comforts, the security, and the enjoyments of civilized life. For the more certain attainment of my purpose, it was my intention, after assuming the charge of the family which I was about to enter by compulsion, thoroughly to devote myself to it, to reconcile myself as far as was in my power to the necesity by which I was overwhelmed; but by no means to delay my escape, when the moment should arrive at which there was a possibility of its being accomplished. It may well [56] be conceived, that with such hopes and views, I became impatient for our arrival at the place of residence of my intended bride.

These reveries, which I continued hourly

to indulge, were not of long duration. After the lapse of two or three days, the Mingo, who now considered me as his property, began to move on with me towards the town at which I was to be delivered, and where the bridal ceremony was to be performed at the proper period subsequent to my arrival. Before he fell in with the party from the Ohio, we had struck the war-path leading from the country on that river, to the Indian towns on the Sandusky and Miami. Upon this war-path my late proprietors had proceeded, when they took leave of the Mingo and myself; and as he conducted me along the same route in their rear, it would happen, that if delayed a few days, we should overtake them. The fact was, that my former possessors, after the generous feeling excited by the whiskey, which they were quaffing when the Mingo joined them, had subsided, began to repent of their liberality, and determined to reclaim me. They accordingly halted until we came up with them. We were received with smiles, and every indication of civility. They all shook us by the hand, and there was nothing which induced the slightest apprehension of ill humour. But this temper did not long display itself. A bitter altercation commenced, which soon proceeded to a high quarrel; in the course of which I was not exempt from uneasiness when I observed, by their frequent pointing to me, that I was the subject of controversy.

The danger was, that one party might despatch me with the tomahawk or rifle, rather than yield me to the claim of the other. The dispute was terminated by the [57] act of Messhawa, who caught two of the horses that were browzing in the immediate neighbourhood and in view of our position, mounted one of them, required me to get on the other, and conducted me, with his rifle on his shoulder, to the Indian town at upper Sandusky.* This was done by instruction from Chickatommo.

We reached that place after riding about five miles.† Those of our party, who had been left in the rear by Messhawa and myself, did not long délay to follow us; and, when they arrived at the town, encamped about the centre of it. Mr. Francis Duchouquet, a Canadian

*This prominent town of the Wyandot or Huron Indians was located about four miles southwest of the present city of Upper Sandusky, Ohio. By the treaty of 1817, the region about the Indian town was made into a reservation which was not opened to the whites until 1845, when the modern town was surveyed. Old Upper Sandusky was a favorite post for Canadian traders.

†There were no streets in this town, but the Indian habitations were irregularly disposed, without regard to order or distance from each other. They were all constructed of bark, supported by corner posts and cross timbers, to which the bark was secured by strings made of its inner fibres. There was no chimney, but the fire was made about the centre of the hovel, and a hole was left in the roof over it for the escape of the smoke. It requires no great labour to erect one of these frail dwellings; since the bark, which is the principal material, is obtained from large trees, when their sap begins to flow, in wide and long flakes. The corner posts and cross timbers are barely of sufficient size and strength to sustain the outer covering. [*Note in original.*]

trader,* who had resided for some years among the Indians at this place, had met us at the point where the party had waited for the Mingo and me, and had then, on my earnest solicitation, assured me, that overtures for my redemption should be made on our arrival at Upper Sandusky. He visited us in a short time after we had encamped in that village. At the first moment when I saw this gentleman, I was animated with the hope, that I might prevail on him to treat with the Indians for my ransom, and that he might succeed in rescuing me from the pains and horrors of a captivity which I had then suffered for many weeks. I instantly renewed my application to him on this subject, and he did not hestitate to exert his good offices in my favour. But his propositions [58] were decisively rejected; and the Indians expressed a determination not to let me go from their hands. The failure of this negotiation, when disclosed to me, produced an agonizing effect, which perhaps may be conceived, but cannot be expressed. All the

*The French traders had been coming into the regions lying south of the Great Lakes for the past half a century. The fact that Duchouquet resided permanently at the Indian village was not extraordinary. *Coureurs-de-bois* and Indians brought the skins to the trader at some well-known point where he had established his headquarters. The trader carried them in bales to Detroit when a sufficient store had been accumulated, whence they were taken to Quebec by boat.

terrors of a cruel death, inflicted by merciless savages, ingenious in the invention and practice of torture, recurred to my imagination, and filled me with despair.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAD forgotten my copy of the Debates of the Virginia Convention, at the place from which I had been hurried by order of Chickatommo, on the day that we reached Upper Sandusky. Next morning the Mingo Indian, to whom I had been for a short time transferred, and from whom I had been reclaimed by my captors, appeared at our encampment. Recollection of the contest which he had lately maintained, for possession of my person, induced a suspicion, that his views were not propitious to my safety; and I was disposed to avoid him. My fears, however, were entirely dispelled, when, on his approach towards me, he drew from his bosom the book in which I had kept my journal, and presented it to me with a smiling face.

Soon afterwards, the party who held me a prisoner, was gladdened by the arrival of several Wyandots from Muskingum, with a quantity of whiskey in kegs, each of which contained about ten gallons, brought on horses, and lashed across their backs with hickory wythes. Immediately they began to [59] barter with their guests for the article, which of all others, is most valuable in their eyes. The Wyandots turned their whiskey to good account. Five gallons were enough for the pur-

chase of a horse worth two hundred dollars; a finely formed, handsome animal, now reduced in his plight by the journey from the Ohio river. Others of inferior value, were exchanged at a price proportioned to the first; and drunkenness soon spread itself over our encampment. But their customary precaution was not neglected; and a small number refusing to drink, remained sober, for the purpose of guarding me.

I had observed the liberality of their disposition while under the influence of drink, when they gratuitously yielded me to the Mingo; and therefore, pressed Mr. Duchouquet to renew his efforts for my ransom, at a moment which seemed favourable to my hopes. Again his propositions were rejected. I then begged him to ascertain, by inquiry from the Indians, to what point it was their intention to convey me; and what was the fate to which I was destined. To the first question they answered, by telling him that they intended to take me to their towns on the Miami river: to the second their reply was, that they did not know what final destination they should make of me. I had before this distinctly understood, that captives conveyed to the Miami towns, were certain of meeting the most dreadful fate; and that it is the invariable practice of the savages, to conceal their purposes from the prisoners whom they meant to sacrifice. When Mr. Duchouquet, therefore, reported

to me the result of the inquiries which he had made at my request, my alarm and despondency were greater, if possible, than I had yet experienced; and every thing like hope was banished from my bosom.

The spirit of drunken debauchery prevaided, un- [60] til the funds for purchasing whiskey, and the article itself, were about the same time exhausted. Four or five days of unbounded riot and intoxication had been passed, when the Indians to whom I belonged, finding themselves suddenly reduced from affluence to their usual poverty: ashamed of their wasteful expenditures, after having boasted of their exploits and their acquisitions on the Ohio; unwilling to return to their homes and their countrymen with nothing in their hands, of the wealth which they had recently possessed; adopted a resolution to go back to the river on which they had succeeded so well, and to make farther captures of white men and their property. They communicated their intention to Mr. Duchouquet, and informed him, that as the scalp of their captive might be transported with greater facility and safety than his person, they had determined to put me to death: but if he was in a temper to treat for my ransom, this was his time. A negotiation was then commenced, and concluded happily for me, without my knowledge or intervention. It was agreed, that he should pay one hundred dollars worth of goods as the

price of my liberation; and that I should be forthwith surrendered to him. The price was paid down in six hundred silver broaches; which answers all the purposes of a circulating medium with them.

This event, to me the most important of my life, by a singular coincidence occurred on the 28th of April, in the year 1790;* the day on which I attained the age of twenty-one years. It might be truly and literally denominated my second birth; since, within the preceding twenty-four hours, I might have been considered as dead to any prospect which my condition presented, except the most miserable, and sunk to the lowest depth of despair. The extravagance of my joy was such, that I know [61] not any terms in our language adequate to its expression. Subsequent circumstances, presently to be noticed, threw me again into uneasiness and alarm.

After the Indians had disposed of me, they separated themselves into two parties. A small number of the Shawanese, the Mingo, the women, and the two captive children, set out for the Miami towns. Chickatommo, with the other Shawanese, commenced their route back to the Ohio river. Their departure seemed to ensure my safety, and therefore my mind was perfectly quieted. But there was a white man among the Wyandots at Upper

*Johnston was in captivity about five weeks and traveled nearly two hundred miles.

Sandusky, who had been carried into captivity by those Indians when very young, and had been reared and naturalized with their tribe. He spoke the English language sufficiently to enable me to understand him; and we entered into conversation; in the course of which he intimated, that my emancipation was not yet reduced to certainty; and that he suspected it was the intention of Chickatommo and his party, to regain possession of my person. This suggestion, from a man who knew the savages well; their characteristic treachery; and the fact, that they had already once reclaimed me after having consigned me to the Mingo, induced an apprehension, that what I had heard was not to be disregarded. This apprehension was greatly strengthened, when on the succeeding day, the Shawanese chief with his followers, actually presented themselves again at Upper Sandusky.

Once more terror and despondency seized on me. I reflected on the events which had passed; the miseries which I had endured; and the dreadful fate which was inevitable, should I now, for the third time, fall into the hands of my captors. I deliberately and solemnly resolved, to resist their whole [62] force by exertion of all my powers, and to perish on the spot before they should ever again become my masters. I provided myself with a tomahawk, and calmly sat down on a log, fixed in my purpose should they approach, but chop-

ping the log with an air of indifference. They made no attempt upon me, and retired to an encampment which they formed on the river near the town, yet out of our view. Mr. Duchouquet concurred with me in the opinion, that all the circumstances of their conduct were such, as ought to excite strong suspicion that they meditated my recapture. They had disappeared on the preceding day, after receiving the price for which I had been sold; had declared a design of returning to the Ohio; had suddenly returned, without any apparent reason or business; had encamped at a place different from that which they had before occupied, more remote from view, and better suited for a plan of surprise from it on us by night. We determined to prepare for the attack, and remain, with the utmost vigilance, on our guard. Mr. Duchouquet, and a labourer then in his service, continued to watch with me throughout the night. We locked and barred our door. We were in possession of an axe, several guns, and tomahawks. But there was no necessity for their use. The Indians permitted us to remain undisturbed; and on the next day quitted their camp. Their whole party, with their packs on their backs, came out of their course through the town; shook hands with Mr. Duchouquet and myself, declaring an intention to visit the British post at Detroit, and departed. I could not yet banish from my mind all disquiet, and con-

tinued under some apprehension that they might lurk in the neighbourhood, for a favourable opportunity to return and bear me off. But after several days of anxiety, we were informed by a party of strolling [63] Indians from Lower Sandusky, that they had met Chickatommo and his followers, at a considerable distance from our village, pursuing their journey steadily towards Detroit. My fears and dangers were now at an end: my spirits became buoyant, and I indulged none but the most joyous feelings.

My mind became immediately occupied with the subject of my return to Virginia; which was embarrassed with some difficulties. I was alone, utterly ignorant of the country, and could reach home by one of two routes only. The first lay through the dreary wilderness which I had recently traversed; and the travellers who should attempt to pass, were subjected to all the perils from which I had been so lately delivered. The distance to the nearest settlement was great, and I was not possessed of the means of providing myself subsistence on the journey, which I should have been compelled to make to Pittsburg. The other was extremely circuitous, though less liable to danger. I could travel in perfect security under the protection of a trader: but there was no prospect of obtaining that advantage in a very short time, as the season of the year had not arrived, when the traders

were in the habit of repairing to Detroit, with the peltry purchased in the course of the winter and spring, at the Indian villages. It was Mr. Duchouquet's intention, to convey his purchases to that place in person, in the course of about five weeks; and I had no choice but to remain at Upper Sandusky until that time; then to proceed with him to Detroit, and thence down the lakes into the state of New York, from which, the road to my native State would be perfectly easy and safe. The interval, between my liberation from captivity and the commencement of my homeward journey, was employed in assisting Mr. Duchouquet to sell his merchandise to the In- [64] dians, in attending to his books and accounts, and in occasional excursions; which I generally limited to the immediate vicinity of our village, because there was some hazard in venturing to a distance. On one occasion, however, I exceeded these limits, and walked two or three miles, for the purpose of visiting the spot where Col. Crawford* had been tortured and burnt to death some years before, by the Delawares. The sapling to which it was said he had been bound, when he suffered the most awful fate to which man can be subjected, was still alive, and was pointed out to

*Col. Crawford, a frontiersman, led a body of men from western Pennsylvania against the Indians of central Ohio in 1782. He was captured and carried to Upper Sandusky. His torture at the stake was witnessed by another captive who left a complete account of the revolting details.

me by my conductor—the white captive who was naturalized among the Wyandots.

A trivial incident exposed me yet again to the resentment and vengeance of one of those savage beings, whom it was hoped I had entirely escaped. The traders, and other white persons, at the Indian towns, were in the habit of wearing shirts made of calico. Mr. Duchouquet had furnished me with one of this description, which I had washed and hung out on a bush to dry. It had not remained there long, when I discovered a cow, belonging to an Indian of our village, in the act of eating it. She had devoured one sleeve, and was committing depredations on other parts of it; when I contrived to get near her with a tomahawk in my hand, with which I gave her a blow in the forehead that felled her to the ground, apparently lifeless. Her owner, unobserved by me, was in view. He ran up to me with an infuriated, threatening face, and, at the moment when he appeared ready to execute his vengeance upon me for his fancied loss, the cow jumped up and ran away; thereby relieving me from the unpleasant necessity I should have been under of using the tomahawk in my own defence, had he made an attack upon me.

About this time a Shawanese Indian arrived at Up- [65] per Sandusky, and brought the heart-chilling intelligence, that my late fellow-prisoner, William Flinn, had been burnt

at the stake, and devoured by the savages, at one of the Miami towns. This monster declared, that he had been present when the miserable man was sacrificed; had partaken of the horrid banquet; and that his flesh was sweeter than any bear's meat!—a food of all others in highest repute with the Indians.

The small band of Cherokees, three in number, to whom Peggy Fleming had been allotted, in the distribution made of the prisoners on the Ohio, brought her to Upper Sandusky while I was there. She was no longer that cheerful, lively creature, such as when separated from us. Her spirits were sunk, her gayety had fled: and instead of that vivacity and sprightliness which formerly danced upon her countenace, she now wore the undissembled aspect of melancholy and wretchedness. I endeavoured to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary change, but she answered my inquiries only with her tears; leaving my mind to its own inferences. Her stay with us was only for a few hours, during which time, I could not extract a word from her, except occasionally the monosyllables *yes* and *no*. Gloom and despondency had taken entire possession of her breast; and nothing could be more touching than her appearance. Her emaciated frame, and dejected countenance, presented a picture of sorrow and of sadness, which would have melted the stoutest heart; and such was its effect upon me, that I could

not abstain from mingling my tears with hers. With these feelings we parted. When we met again, it was under far different and more auspicious circumstances, as will hereafter be seen.

[66] CHAPTER IX.

EARLY in June, Mr. Duchouquet, in conformity to his annual usage, set out for Detroit. All the traders, then occupied in the peltry business, were in the habit of repairing yearly, about the middle of autumn, with such articles of merchandise as were adapted to the Indian markets, to their towns, dispersed over the wide extended regions of the north-west. They carried with them ammunition, blankets, calico for shirts, coarse cloths for leggings, trinkets, vermillion, tomahawks, scalping-knives, and whatever else their experience informed them was suited to the taste, or to the necessities of their tawny customers. They received in exchange, the furs and skins collected by the Indians during their winter expeditions into the woods. But as these were not brought in until the spring, the traders sold the goods which the Indians wanted for winter use, on a credit until the spring; when they returned home, and paid for their fall purchases, as well as for the few light articles necessary to them through the summer. They were in general, punctual to their engagements; but there were some among them, who, like many of our white people, were apt to forget, or to disregard their promises. The collections of the traders at the Indian towns, were generally completed by the

first of June, when all their furs and skins were conveyed to Detroit; whence they were sent down the lakes, and the St. Lawrence, to Montreal and Quebec. The quantities of peltry produced by this traffic, were immense and of very great value. They continue so at present; and the only change worthy of notice, which has since occurred, results from the great [67] water communication, lately effected by New-York, between the lakes and the Hudson river, which will probably transfer all the trade of which I have spoken, from the markets of Canada to those of New-York. The Canadians will, however, retain that share, which is afforded by the country to the north of the river St. Lawrence, and out of the range of that canal navigation.

Mr. Duchouquet was occupied in this trade. He sold his goods, and collected his peltry at Upper Sandusky. The season had arrived for transporting his purchases to Detroit; and, with a light heart, I began the journey to that post, in his party. The Sandusky river is not navigable from the upper town; and Mr. Duchouquet's peltry was carried on packhorses to Lower Sandusky; whence there is a good navigation to Detroit. When we reached Lower Sandusky,* a great degree of consternation prevailed there, produced by the incidents

*This Indian village, second in importance to Upper Sandusky, was located farther down the Sandusky river, below the rapids and at the head of navigation from Lake Erie. The site is now occupied by the city of Fremont, Ohio.

of the preceding day, and of the morning then recently passed. The three Cherokees, who had possession of Peggy Fleming, had conducted her to a place where they encamped, within a quarter of a mile's distance from the town. It was immediately rumoured that they were there, with a white female captive. The traders residing in the town, instantly determined to visit the camp of the Cherokees, and to see her. Among them was a man, whose name was Whitaker, and who, like the one that I had met with at Upper Sandusky, had been carried into captivity from the white settlements, by the Wyandots, in his early life. He was not so entirely the savage as the first; could speak our language better; and, though naturalized by his captors, retained some predilection for the whites. The influence which he had acquired with his tribe, was such, that they had promoted him to the rank of a chief; and his standing [68] with them was high. His business had led him frequently, before this period, to Pittsburg, where the father of Peggy Fleming then kept a tavern, in which Whitaker had been accustomed to lodge and board. As soon as he appeared with the other traders at the camp of the Cherokees, he was recognised by the daughter of his old landlord, and she addressed him by his name, earnestly supplicating his efforts to emancipate her from the grasp of her savage proprietors. Without hesitation, he acceded to her request.

He did not make an application to the Cherokees, but returned to the town and informed the principal chief, distinguished by the appellation of King Crane,* that the white female captive was his sister: a misrepresentation greatly palliated by the benevolent motive which dictated it.

He had no difficulty in obtaining from the King a promise to procure her release. Crane went immediately to the camp of the Cherokees; informed them that their prisoner was a sister of a friend of his, and desired, as a favour, that they would make a present to him of Peggy Fleming, whom he wished to restore to her brother. They rejected his request. He then proposed to purchase her; this they also refused with bitterness, telling him "that he was no better than the white people, and that he was as mean as the *dirt*;" terms of the grossest reproach in their use of them. At this insult, Crane became exasperated. He went back to the town; told Whitaker what had been his reception, and declared his intention to take Peggy Fleming from the Cherokees by force. But fearing such an act might be productive of war between his nation and theirs, he urged Whitaker to raise the

*Crane was the best known chief of the Wyandots. His village at one time stood where the city of Lancaster, Ohio, is now located. After the treaty of Greenville, Crane removed to Upper Sandusky, where he died in 1818. Numerous anecdotes showing the kindness of Crane to the whites have been handed down by tradition.

necessary sum in value for her redemption. Whit- [69] aker, with the assistance of the other traders at the town, immediately made up the requisite amount in silver broaches. This was not accomplished, until it was too late to effect their object on that evening. Early next morning, King Crane, attended by eight or ten young warriors, marched out to the camp of the Cherokees, where he found them asleep, while their forlorn captive was securely fastened, in a state of utter nakedness, to a stake, and her body painted black: an indication always decisive, that death is the doom of the prisoner. Crane, with his scalping knife, cut the cords by which she was bound; delivered her the clothes of which she had been divested by the rude hands of the unfeeling Cherokees; and, after she was dressed, awaked them. He told them, in peremptory language, that the captive was his, and that he had brought with him the value of her ransom. Then throwing down the silver broaches on the ground, he bore off the terrified girl to his town, and delivered her to Whitaker; who, after a few days, sent her, disguised by her dress and by paint as a squaw, to Pittsburg, under the care of two trusty Wyandots. I never learnt whether she reached her home or not: but as the Indians are remarkable for their fidelity to their undertakings, I presume she was faithfully conducted to her place of destination.

The Cherokees were so incensed by the loss of their captive, that they entered the Wyandot town of Lower Sandusky, declaring they would be revenged by taking the life of some white person. This was the cause of the alarm, which was spread among the traders at the time of our arrival, and in which our party necessarily participated; as it was indispensable that we should remain there several days, for the purpose of unpacking Mr. Duchou- [70] quet's peltry from the horses, and placing it on board the batteaux, in which it was to be conveyed to Detroit. The Cherokees painted themselves, as they and other savages are accustomed to do, when they are preparing for war or battle. All their ingenuity is directed to the object of rendering their aspect as horrible as possible, that they may strike their enemies with terror, and indicate by external signs the fury which rages within. They walked about the town in great anger, and we deemed it necessary to keep a watchful eye upon them, and to guard against their approach. All the whites, except Whitaker, who was considered as one of the Wyandots, assembled at night in the same house, provided with weapons of defence, and continued together until the next morning; when, to our high gratification, they disappeared, and I never heard of them afterwards.

CHAPTER X.

AT this place we found Mr. Angus McIntosh,* who was extensively engaged in the fur trade. This gentleman was at the head of the connexion to which Mr. Duchouquet belonged, who was his factor or partner at Upper Sandusky, as a Mr. Isaac Williams was here. Williams was a stout, bony, muscular, and fearless man. On one of those days which I spent in waiting until we were ready to embark for Detroit, a Wyandot Indian, in his own language, which I did not understand, uttered some expression offensive to Williams. This produced [71] great irritation on both sides, and a bitter quarrel ensued. Williams took down, from a shelf of the store in which the incident occurred, two scalping-knives; laid them on the counter; gave the Wyandot choice of them; and challenged him to combat with these weapons. But the character of Williams for strength and courage was so well known to his adversary, that he would not venture on the contest, and soon afterwards retired.

Lower Sandusky was to me distinguished by another circumstance. It was the residence of

*The name of Angus McIntosh appears among the merchants at Detroit in 1794. After the evacuation of that post by the British he removed across the river. He was a resident of Amherstburg, Canada, in 1819.

the Indian widow, whose former husband I had been destined to succeed, if the Mingo had been permitted to retain and dispose of me according to his intentions. I felt an irresistible curiosity to have a view of this female, and it was my determination to find her dwelling, and see her there, if no other opportunity should occur. She was at last pointed out to me as she walked about the village, and I could not help chuckling at my escape from the fate which had been intended for me. She was old, ugly, and disgusting.

After the expiration of four or five days from that on which we reached Lower Sandusky, our preparations were completed; the boats were laden with the peltry of the traders; and the whole trading-party embarked for Detroit. On the afternoon of the second day, having descended the river into Sandusky Bay, we landed on a small island,* near the strait by which it enters into Lake Erie.† [72]

*Probably Johnson's Island, located in the Bay off Sandusky, Ohio.

†Nothing can more strikingly illustrate the rapid march of population and improvement than the changed condition of things on this Lake and its borders. In little more than twenty years from the period of which I am speaking, the hostile fleets of civilized nations encountered each other on its bosom; and the name of Perry, and the glories of the 10th of September, 1813, will not soon be forgotten by Americans. Lower Sandusky, too, then a rude assemblage of huts, the dwellings of men equally rude, is rendered memorable by the defeat of a numerous British and Indian force, by a handful of Americans, commanded by the young and gallant Major, now Colonel Croghan. [*Note in original.*]

Here we pitched a tent which belonged to our party. The island was inhabited by a small body of Indians, and we were soon informed, that they were preparing for a festival and dance. If I then understood the motive or occasion which induced this dance, it is not now within my recollection. Several canoes were employed in bringing guests from the main, which is at a short distance, separated from the island by a narrow arm of the bay. We were all invited to the dance by short sticks, painted red, which were delivered to us, and seemed to be intended as tickets of admission. A large circular piece of ground was made smooth, and surrounded by something like a pallisade, within which the entertainment was held. We had expected that it would commence early in the evening; but the delay was so long, that we laid down to sleep in the tent, which stood near the spot of ground prepared for the dance.

About eleven o'clock, we were awaked by the noise of the Indian mirth. One hundred, perhaps, of both sexes, had assembled. Their music was produced by an instrument much resembling the tambourine. Both men and women were dressed in calico shirts. Those of the women were adorned with a profusion of silver broaches, stuck in the sleeves and bosoms; they wore, besides, what is called a match-coat, formed by cloth, confined around the middle of their bodies by a string, with

the edges lapping over toward the side, and the length of the garment extending a little below the knees. They wore leggings and mockasins. Their cheeks were painted red, but no other part of their [73] face. Their long, black hair was parted in front, drawn together behind, and formed into a club. The liberal use of bear's oil gave it a high gloss. Such are the ornaments and dress of an Indian belle, by which she endeavours to attract the notice of admiring beaux. The men had a covering around their waists, to which their leggings were suspended by a string, extending from their top to the cord which held on the covering of the waist; and a blanket, or robe, thrown over the shoulders, and confined by a belt around the body, of various colours, and adorned with beads. The women were arranged together, and led the dance, the men following after them, and all describing a circle. The character of this dance differed essentially from that of the war-dance, which I had witnessed on a former occasion. The one was accompanied by horrid yells and shrieks, and extravagant gestures, expressive of fury and ferocity, with nothing like a mirthful cheerfulness. The other, which I saw in this last instance, was mere festivity and lively mirth. The women were excluded in the first, but had an active share in the last; and both sexes were highly animated by the music of the tambourine. An abundant supper had

been provided, consisting altogether of the fresh meat of bears and deer, without bread or salt, and dressed in no other manner than by boiling. It was served up in a number of wooden trenchers, placed on the ground, and the guests seated themselves around it. We were invited to partake, but neither the food nor the cookery were much to our taste; yet we were unwilling to refuse their hospitality, and joined in their repast. We were not gainers by it; for when we were faring, not very sumptuously, on their boiled fresh meat, without bread or salt, they [74] entered our tent, and stole from our basket, which contained provision enough for our voyage, a very fine ham, on which we had intended to regale ourselves the next day.

In the morning, we recommenced our progress to Detroit. In our open batteaux we could not venture along the direct course, across a bay of Lake Erie, which would have taken us to a hazardous distance from the land. We therefore hugged the shore, and landed whenever we required refreshment. To this we were in a great degree induced by the multitude of turtles' eggs with which the beach abounded, and which we easily procured in plenty. They were deposited in cavities a short distance below the surface, and their position was discovered by penetrating the sand with a stick. The sand is generally firm; but in those places where the turtles have

formed their nests, there is only a thin crust above them, which yields to a slight touch of a stick, and, by the facility with which it is penetrated, shows where the eggs lie. We fried them in bear's oil, and found them very delicious food.

Two or three days after leaving the island where we feasted with the Indians, we gained the entrance of Detroit river, and ascended it to the post of Detroit, on its western bank, then occupied by a British garrison.* There I was informed that my friend and brother in misfortune, Mr. Jacob Skyles, had spent several days in concealment from a band of Indians, who had pursued him to that place, after he had escaped from his captivity by a most remarkable series of adventures. I had not obtained the slightest intelligence with respect to him since our separation, and was in the highest degree gratified to learn that he was safe, and on his way [75] into the United States. It would, however, have been an additional pleasure to me, could we have returned into Virginia together, in a state of feeling so different from that which we had experienced when in the power of those captors, from

*Prominent among the forts on the American side of the boundary line after the close of the Revolutionary war were Michilimackinac, Detroit, Erie, Schlosser, Niagara, and Oswego. Britain refused to withdraw her forces from them until the Americans paid certain claims owed to British merchants prior to the outbreak of hostilities. They were not vacated until arrangement was made by the Jay treaty of 1795.

whom we had every thing to fear and nothing to hope. Several years afterwards we met at the Sweet Springs, when he detailed to me the singular history of his flight from the Miami town, where the Indians had made every arrangement for subjecting him to torture and death. These details I shall relate, after stating the particulars of Flinn's sufferings and end, more minutely than heretofore, as they were communicated to me by a trader whom I saw at Detroit, and who was an eye-witness of the scene. The tale is horrible, and must shock every feeling of humanity. But my narrative would be imperfect without it; and although similar acts of barbarism and unrelenting cruelty have been related by others, this will, perhaps, interest the hearts of those who may read it, and will exhibit the savage character in a strong light.

It has been already stated, that the Indians cautiously conceal from a prisoner their intention, when they have determined that he shall be brought to the stake. The miserable Flinn had no intimation of his fate, and was perhaps indulging the fond hope, that he was yet to recover his liberty, and to be restored to civilized society. He had been conducted to one of those Miami towns which were, at that period, fatal to white captives; was not rigorously confined, though closely watched; and was suddenly seized by several Indians, at a place about a quarter of a mile from the vil-

lage, where every preparation was immediately made for his sacrifice. Incisions were made through the muscular [76] parts of his arm, between the elbows and shoulders, and, by thongs of buffalo hide passed through them, he was secured to a strong stake. A fire was kindled around him. A group had collected, among whom he discerned a white man. Flinn asked, if he was so destitute of humanity, as to look on and see a fellow-creature suffering in this manner, without an effort for his relief? This man instantly went into the adjacent village, informed the traders there of the plight Flinn was in, and of the necessity for interposition in his favour without loss of time. They made up the customary value of a prisoner in silver broaches, which they delivered to the white man; and he hastened back, not doubting that the ransom which he carried would be accepted: but it was peremptorily rejected. He then returned to the village, and applied again to the traders for their assistance, after reporting to them the failure of the proffered ransom. From their knowledge of the Indian habits and temper, they determined, as a last experiment, to send a keg of rum, in addition to the silver broaches; under a persuasion, that their extravagant love of that spirit would effect more than any other offer. But when the rum was presented by the white man, they split the head of the keg which contained it with their tomahawks, and the liquor flowed

unheeded on the ground. Flinn's agent, who had in vain made every exertion in his power to save him, then told him that his case was desperate, and advised him to prepare for death. He exclaimed, "Then all I have to say is, may the Lord have mercy on my soul!"—and never again, while he retained his senses, uttered a word or a groan. All the ingenuity of the savages was exerted in aggravating his torments, by all those means which they know so well how to employ. His firmness remained unshaken; and he acted the same [77] part which their own warriors perform on such awful trials. Nothing could break his heroic resolution. At length the fire around him began to subside. An old squaw advanced to rekindle it. When she came within his reach, he kicked her so violently, that she fell apparently lifeless. His tormentors were then exasperated to the highest point, and made incisions between the sinews and bones at the back of his ankles, passed thongs through them, and closely fastened his legs to the stake, in order to prevent any repetition of their exertion. The old squaw, who by this time had recovered, was particularly active in wreaking her vengeance for the blow he had inflicted upon her. She lighted pine torches, and applied their blaze to him; while the men bored his flesh with burning splinters of the same

inflammable wood. His agonies were protracted until he sunk into a state of insensibility, when they were terminated by the tomahawk.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. SKYLES, afer leaving the party to which I belonged, was led by the Indians, in whose possession he was, to one of the towns on the Miami of the Lake, in the neighbourhood where the wretched Flinn was tortured and put to death. Upon his arrival, he was compelled to run the gauntlet. A single fact will convey some idea of the spirit which directs the conduct of the savages on occasions of this sort. One of the lads belonging to the ranks through which Mr. Skyles passed, provided himself with the branch of a tree, from which the smaller [78] limbs were all cut, except one. This he suffered to remain, near the large end of the weapon, about an inch and an half or two inches long, and sharpened it well at the point, giving it the form of a cock's spur. As the prisoner ran by the young savage, he drove the keen point of this instrument into his back with such force, that it remained firmly fixed in the flesh; was wrested from the hands of the boy; and was carried by Mr. Skyles, hanging down his back, to the end of his painful career. The same keeper, to whose custody he was first committed, had charge of his person, and never relaxed his vigilance, until the last night of Mr. Skyles's continuance with the Indians.

In the mean time, he had experienced much

kindness from the wife of his surly sentinel, whose temper was altogether unlike that of her husband, and had been acted on in his favour by a variety of little attentions and services, which, from motives of policy, he rendered her every day; such as kindling her fire, and bringing her wood and water. At length she informed him, that his destiny was decided, and that he was, on the following day, to be tied to a stake and burnt to death. As the Indians are extremely addicted to falsehood, he at first doubted the truth of this appalling intelligence. But on that night it was completely confirmed. When the hour of rest arrived, it was the regular habit of his keeper to lie down in the same cabin with him, attended by four or five other men, whose business it was to assist in watching and guarding him. His mind was so alarmed and agitated by what the squaw had communicated, that he could not compose himself to sleep, but remained awake until a late hour. The old squaw, who had imparted to him the awful tidings of his intended fate, and a young girl, with the guard who were asleep, formed the party in his lodg- [79] ings. He feigned sleep so well as to deceive the women, who sat up by the fire, and entered into a conversation, of which he was the subject. He had acquired so much of their language, as to enable him to understand many of their expressions. The elder squaw lamented the event

which was next day to befall the white prisoner, and spoke in terms of compassion for the sufferings which he was to endure; while the girl exulted in the prospect of his torments, which in her opinion every white man justly deserved. Mr. Skyles, after hearing what passed between the women, waited in impatient vigilance until they were overpowered by sleep, and every one else was quietly at rest. He then carefully rose from the fire, near which he had lain, took up a small bag of parched corn which he had before observed in the cabin, with one of the rifles and ammunition belonging to the men, and, by cautiously creeping to the door, gained the open ground. He made all possible haste to the Miami of the Lake, which flowed not far from the town, and swam across it; but perceiving that he would be impeded by the gun, he determined to abandon the possession of it, and left it on the bank of the river.

Soon after passing the stream, he heard a bell, which he supposed was worn by a horse; and anxious to travel with speed, he directed his course to the spot from whence the sound came. He was not mistaken in his supposition. He took the bell from the horse's neck, converted its leathern collar into a substitute for a bridle, by cutting it up into strings with a knife which he had brought from his lodge, and mounted on his back. The night was extremely dark, and the growth in the woods very

thick. His progress on the horse was therefore tardy and unpleasant. After riding a few miles, he determined to quit him, and march forward on foot. His inten- [80] tion was, to steer a course which would lead him to the settlements of Kentucky. He left the river, but was so unskilful a woodsman, that he pursued a direction quite opposite to that which he wished to follow, and which led him to the north, instead of the south. His plan was, to lie concealed all day, lest he should be seen, pursued, and be again captured by the Indians; and to go forward in the darkness of the night, when he would be little exposed to the danger of discovery. But he was incessantly environed with perplexing difficulties and perils. Frequently while he was endeavouring to explore his way through thick woods and wilds, utterly dark, he came suddenly on the encampments of parties of Indians, whose dogs would give him alarm by flying at him and barking, with a noise which excited great apprehension, that their masters would discover and seize on him. Groping his course, from necessity, in the night, a more experienced woodsman might have blundered far from the right tract. Sometimes he found himself, when day appeared, on, or near, the ground which he had left the evening before. While beset with all these perplexities, his only means of subsistence, the little bag of parched corn, was exhausted; and a new dan-

ger, that of perishing by hunger, stared him in the face.

In this extremity, there was no alternative, but to die for want of food in the wilderness; or to march boldly onward in open day, and find something to support life. He did not hesitate in the choice, and adopted the hazardous resolution of entering the first village he could reach, and of applying to any trader, who might reside in it, for relief from starving, and assistance in gaining a point of safety. But he wisely decided, that such an attempt was not to be made, unless under cover of night. Pursuing, therefore, in the day, the course before him, without knowing [81] whither it would lead, he had approached so near to one of the Miami towns before he discovered it, that he feared, should he then retire, he would be exposed to the view of some of the inhabitants, who in such an event would certainly again make him a prisoner. Concealment until dark was his only resource. He laid himself down behind a log, which screened him from the view of the people in the town, and quietly kept his position as long as there was any daylight. When darkness began, he repaired to some charred fragments of a fire, which had lately burnt out near his log. By reducing a small quantity to dust, and mixing it with water, he made a black colouring, which he spread over his face and hands. His disguise was so complete, that he was quite

satisfied he would not be recognised as a white man; and he entered the village. The wigwams of the Indians, as I have before said, are composed of bark; the houses of traders, who reside among them, are built of logs. He knew the distinction, and availed himself of it. Proceeding with great caution, he came to a house of logs, looked through the chinks between them, and ascertained that it was occupied by a family of Indians. It had probably been erected by a trader, who, from some cause or other, had left it. In his farther progress through the town, he identified the house of a trader, entered it, and asked for rum. He was told by its occupant, that he had no rum, but would procure him some. When Mr. Skyles had waited this man's return for a short time, having observed the course in which he walked off, he went out to meet him. He then disclosed to the trader, who had not yet discovered he was a white man, that rum was not his object; that he was an unfortunate citizen of the United States, who some weeks before had been captured by a band of Indians on the Ohio river; had been conducted by a party of them to one [82] of the Miami villages, where it was their intention to take his life, if he had not fortunately escaped their clutches; that he was then famishing with hunger; and that without some charitable aid he must soon perish, or become again the captive of enemies who would show him no mercy. The trader

told him, that his own life would be hazarded by affording him shelter; that there had been a party of Indians on that day in his village, from the tribe which had held him a prisoner, in search of him; but that he would do for him what was in his power. He conducted Mr. Skyles into a thicket of hazel bushes near the village, where he left him, until he prepared some refreshment. He then informed him, that if he would embark in a canoe on the Miami of the Lake, flowing along the edge of the town where they were, he might, by paddling industriously, overtake a boat belonging to certain traders, who had gone down the river that day to Detroit, but would probably lie to during the night. Mr. Skyles eagerly embraced this plan of making good his retreat. The trader led him to the water side, where a canoe was lying, into which he stepped without delay, and determined to exert himself in descending the river, that he might fall in with the traders and obtain a passage in their boat to Detroit.

Between dawn and sunrise next morning he approached the entrance of Lake Erie, and discovered the boat not far ahead of him. He soon brought his canoe along side of it, but all on board were asleep. He awakened them. He had before revolved in his mind the question, whether he should make himself known or not; and his first decision was in the negative. He was induced to this by an appre-

hension of treachery, and by that timid caution to which a man in his condition is liable. His principal fear was, that these traders, for the purpose of keeping on good [83] terms with the Indians, might make a merit with them of placing him again in their power. They inquired who he was?—He answered, that he was an adventurer, who had been looking out for land such as he wished to acquire, on the river AuGlaize, but had been driven from the country by the fear of danger from the Indians, who had lately practised horrid cruelties on certain white men captured on the river Ohio. They told him, it was true that one man had been burnt at a town on the Miami, and another had evaded the same fate by escaping from them a few nights before; and that they had, at a town which they had left on the preceding day, seen a party in pursuit of the fugitive. After a little hesitation, he ventured to disclose the fact, that he was that fugitive; threw himself on their humanity; and entreated, that they would receive him into their boat and permit him to pass in it with them to Detroit. He was overjoyed, when they promptly acceded to his request, and conveyed him to the British post in safety. His pursuers followed him to that place, where he was under the necessity of remaining in concealment for several days, until their departure; when he went on his journey into the United States. I am happy to add, that he

recommenced business, some years afterwards moved to Kentucky, and succeeded in acquiring considerable property. But he has now gone to his long home, and has left an estimable family in comfort and independence.*

*A singular incident, and for that reason only do I think it worthy of relation, has been communicated to me since Mr. Skyles's removal to Kentucky. He travelled by water down the Ohio river. As he passed the mouth of the Sciota, near which he knew we were taken, he recollected that when taken, he had concealed about two hundred dollars in gold, of which he was then possessed, under a log. He did not think he could identify the spot, at that distance of time. But he landed, and searched under every trunk of a tree which he saw lying on the ground near the place where he believed his money was deposited, until he had the good fortune to strike on the right one, and recovered his money. [*Note in original.*]

[84] CHAPTER XII.

I RETURN to the incidents which relate to myself. I staid nine or ten days at Detroit, for a conveyance down Lake Erie. During that time, I enjoyed the warmest kindness and hospitality from Mr. McIntosh and his family. My first reception by his lady and brother displayed on their part a liberality of feeling towards me, which did not abate while I remained, and which will be remembered by me with the deepest gratitude as long as my life shall last. I was badly provided with clothing. Mr. McIntosh supplied me with such as was decent, comfortable, and adapted to the season of the year. I was destitute of cash for my expenses on the long journey homeward, which I was most anxious to commence. A subscription was circulated, I have reason to believe by Mr. McIntosh and his brother James, among the inhabitants of the town of Detroit, which furnished me with a sufficient sum of money for my purposes. The population of the town then consisted of about one thousand persons, according to my present recollection.*

*Mr. Schoolcraft, whose journal was written in 1820, says, at page 51, "Detroit occupies an eligible situation on the West bank of the Strait that connects Lake Erie with Lake St. Clair, at the distance of six miles below the latter, and in North latitude 42° 30″ according to the re-

A state of things existed at this period, in the country where I then was, which subjected any [85] citizen of the United States, passing through it, to considerable embarrassment. Although nearly seven years had elapsed since the conclusion of the war of independence, which had been ended by the definitive treaty of peace, entered into between the government of Great Britain and the American Congress, in September 1783, one of its important stipulations was yet unexecuted. The correspondence between Mr. Jefferson, when Secretary of State, and Mr. Hammond, the British minister then resident in the United States, contained in General Washington's message to both houses of Congress on the 5th day of December 1793, exhibits the ground taken by these agents of their respective governments, on the subject of those infractions of the treaty of 1783 with which each government charged the other. The correspondence itself has been published; and those who desire accurate and extensive information on the topics which it involves, will find ample compensation in the gratification afforded by the display in it of distinguished talents, especially on the part of Mr. Jefferson. The North Western posts, of

ceived observation. The town consists of about two hundred and fifty houses, including public buildings, and has a population of fourteen hundred and fifteen inhabitants, exclusive of the garrison. It enjoys the advantages of a regular plan, spacious streets, and a handsome elevation of about forty feet above the river, of which it commands the finest views." [*Note in original.*]

which Detroit was one, were detained by Great Britain, and her garrisons occupied them, until after the victory obtained by Gen. Wayne over the Indians in that country, and the negotiation of Mr. Jay in 1794.

Many of the Indian tribes had continued hostilities with the United States through the revolutionary war, and for a long period after its conclusion. The detention of the posts, by the British troops, gave them an extensive influence in the surrounding territory; and no man was permitted to pass by those posts, without the consent of the commanding officer, at each of them, regularly declared by a written passport. In my case, the form [86] usually observed was dispensed with; and Major Patrick Murray,* who was the Commandant at Detroit, politely furnished me with a permission to go down the Lakes, which I here transcribe. It was directed to "Officers commanding British garrisons," and expressed in the following words:

"The bearer, Mr. Johnston, of Virginia, had the misfortune last winter to fall into the hands of the Indians on the Ohio; but having been redeemed by some British traders of this post, is now on his way to his home, and is

*According to the official records, Major Wiseman was in command of the British post at Detroit, from 1786 to 1792. He was succeeded by Col. England, under whom the post was handed over to the United States. Murray may have been temporarily commanding at the time he issued the pass to Johnston.

hereby recommended to the protection of all officers commanding British garrisons, through which he may pass.

(Signed)

PAT. MURRAY, Major 60th Reg't.
Commanding at Detroit."

(Dated, Detroit, 22d June, 1790.)

My obligation to this officer did not stop here. Several vessels, suited to the navigation of the Lakes, were employed in the transportation of stores, provisions, and other necessaries, to the garrisons of the different posts, and were subject to the orders of their commandants. Major Murray invited me to take a passage in one of these vessels. She was a sloop, called the "Felicity,"* commanded by Capt. Cowan, and bound for Fort Erie, which was situated at the lower extremity of the Lake, where the river Niagara leaves it. I cheerfully accepted this advantageous invitation, and embarked in the sloop as soon as she was ready to sail.

We steered our course down the lake, but were compelled, after going on for one or two days, by adverse winds, to lie to under the lee of an island. Here Capt. Cowan and I amused ourselves in catching the fine fish of the Lake, which were very abundant around us. They afforded us excellent sport, and we suc-

*"In the spring of 1793, four government vessels were lying in front of the town [Detroit] . . . the fourth was the sloop Felicity, armed with two swivels."—Farmer's *History of Detroit*, p. 908.

ceeded in getting as many [87] of them as we desired. Our bait consisted of a red rag and the rind of bacon, tied to our hooks with a string. We had nothing to do, but sit in the stern of the jolly-boat; and as it was rowed about by two sailors, our lines were thrown behind us, the bait floated on the surface, the fish rose eagerly at it, and we were incessantly occupied for several hours in drawing them on board.

After a voyage of five or six days, we arrived at Fort Erie, where I continued a very short time, as I found a boat ready to proceed down the Niagara to Fort Schlosser; in which I obtained a passage, by the civility of the British officer commanding at Fort Erie, and reached Fort Schlosser in the evening. It is situated about a mile above the celebrated cataract of Niagara,* on the American side of the river. I was politely received, and entertained for the night, at the post, by its British commandant, who, on the next morning, visited the falls with me. It would be vain presumption on my part, to attempt a minute description of this "most sublime of nature's works;" a distinction which Mr. Jefferson would not have conferred† on the Natural Bridge across Cedar creek, in Virginia,

*Schoolcraft, in his Journal, page 33, says, "This is an Iroquois word to signify *the thunder of Waters*, and the word as still pronounced by the Senecas is *O-ni-dá-gárâh*." [*Note in original.*]

†In his "*Notes on Virginia.*"

if he had seen this stupendous cataract. Some conception may be formed of those emotions of wonder which the view excites, by recollecting, that here all the waters of the great Lakes, Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie, one of them fifteen hundred miles in circumference, and none less than five hundred, are collected into a space of three fourths of a mile, and rush over a precipice of rock one hundred and fifty feet high. Such was [88] the effect produced on me by surveying this magnificent object, that when I attempted to express the astonishment of my feelings to the officer who accompanied me, I could find no language to give it utterance, and remained absolutely dumb: and no wonder it had this effect. The tremendous roar of waters producing such a sound as had never before fallen on my ear, the spray formed into white clouds and rising up to heaven, the rainbow* with its beautiful tints, all form an assemblage of objects so sublime, as at once to defy and mock description.

From the Falls I travelled on foot to fort Niagara, at the point where the river of that name enters Lake Ontario, and where the British commandant was Col. John Rodolphus Harris. I was stopped at the gate of the fortification by a sentinel, who called the officer of the day. He conducted me to the Colonel; and when I came into his presence, he

*There is always a rainbow at the falls when the sun shines. [*Note in original.*]

inquired sternly, "Who are you, Sir?" I answered by telling him my name, and that I was from Virginia. "From Virginia! and what brought you here, you sir?" I then handed him Major Murray's passport. He read it, and threw it back to me rudely. "Go about your business," said he; "when you wish to leave this place, I will give you a passport." I then retired to a tavern, under a bitter sense of that mortification which was inflicted by the unfeeling rudeness of Col. Harris. But I experienced a gratification next morning, which perfectly relieved me from its unpleasant effects. Having returned from the landing, to which I had walked for the purpose of ascertaining whether any boat would shortly go from it to Oswego, I entered my lodgings, and amused myself with a book, when [89] an officer knocked at my door. He entered, and announced himself as Captain Lethbridge, of the garrison at Niagara. He informed me that he had heard of my captivity by the Indians, and presumed I had been stripped of every thing and was destitute of money. He then offered me a purse, containing a number of guineas, and desired that I would take from it such a sum as would be sufficient to disburse my expenses to Virginia, and refund it when my convenience would permit. I told him, that by the liberality of the inhabitants of Detroit, I was supplied with money for my journey, and therefore declined his gentlemanly

and obliging offer. We entered into conversation, and by the amenity of his manners and language, he evinced a solicitude to counteract the operation of those feelings produced by the gross incivility of his commandant; and begged me to disregard and to forget the conduct of a man, whose temper was naturally churlish, and his manners habitually morose. After this, Capt. Lethbridge frequently visited me at my lodgings; introduced me to other officers; and exerted himself to render my stay at Niagara as pleasant as polite attentions and kindness could make it. I shall ever cherish a high sense and grateful recollection of his deportment. It is due to the gentleman, who belonged to the different British garrisons which I passed, that I should declare, Col. Harris was the single individual among them of whose conduct towards me I had the slightest reason to complain.

[90] CHAPTER XIII.

WHILE I waited for a conveyance by water to Oswego, Mrs. Forsyth and her son, of Detroit, came to Niagara, on their way to visit their friends in the state of New-York. This lady, her son, and I, engaged an open boat at our joint expense, to convey us along the Lake Ontario to Oswego. Our voyage was protracted, by the necessity to which we were subjected, in such a boat as ours, of clinging to the shore. At night we landed, and slept in a tent with which she was provided, and in the accommodation of which she invited me to partake. I was somewhat surprised to be persecuted, as we were, in that northern climate, by the swarms of moschettoes which infested our tent, and obliged us to keep up fires during the night for protection from their annoyance. The only habitation of man which we saw on the margin of the lake, was a miserable hut, occupied by a fugitive from Massachusetts, who had been engaged in the insurrection not long before headed by Shays,* and had retired to the bor-

*Captain Daniel Shays, an ex-Revolutionary officer, headed an insurrection in Massachusetts for the redress of certain grievances. It culminated in 1787 in the killing of three of the insurgents and the dispersing of the remainder. Many fled to neighboring states and even to the frontier.

der of Ontario for concealment. We lodged one night under his shelter.

Five or six days after we left Fort Niagara, we came to Fort Oswego, and immediately proceeded up the river which bears the same name, and connects, by one of its branches, the lakes Ontario and Oneida. Between these lakes there is a short portage around a fall, which renders the navigation at that point impracticable. Our boat was there hauled to the shore, placed on rollers, and launched into the water above the fall. But this was done [91] with so little caution and good management, that we narrowly, and with great difficulty, escaped the danger of dashing over the fall and wrecking our boat. Mrs. Forsyth was so alarmed, that she threw herself into the water, which was waist deep, and waded to the shore.

We continued on the river into Lake Oneida, which is of inconsiderable extent; steered to its eastern end; and, having gained the entrance of Wood Creek, ascended that little stream as far as it was navigable. We crossed another portage of about one mile, and entered the Mohawk river, at or near Fort Stanwix, which, I believe, stood on the site of the town now called Rome. I had left the boat at the mouth of Wood Creek, and walked up its bank to Fort Stanwix. Between these points, I met a party of Oneida Indians, as I travelled alone. Their sudden and unexpected view startled

me, and for a moment brought to my mind the horrors, which I hoped I had left behind me, never again to be encountered. They engaged me in talk, and I soon discovered that they were of a friendly tribe. This was then the course of communication between Upper Canada and the state of New-York; was much frequented; and boats were conveyed over the portage, from the head of the navigation of Wood Creek to Fort Stanwix, on a wagon always kept in readiness for that service.*

On the first evening after we commenced our descent of the Mohawk, anxious to enjoy the comforts of a bed, which it had not been my good fortune to obtain since we left Niagara, when our little party went on shore to spend the night, I walked to a decent looking farm-house, and inquired if I could obtain lodging in it. I received an abrupt refusal [92] from the mistress, who said that an outhouse, to which she pointed, was open to my admission. But its appearance was comfortless, and I rejoined Mrs. Forsyth and her son in the tent. My exterior and dress probably decided the good woman to withhold her hospitality, and were perhaps sufficiently unimposing to exempt her from reproach.

In our farther progress down the stream, we passed through the rich and beautiful country called the German Flats, consisting of wide-

*The various methods of crossing a portage in the days of water travel are forcibly brought out in this narrative.

spread, fruitful bottoms, on both sides of the Mohawk. The mention of this fine river brings to my recollection those exquisite lines written by Mr. Thomas Moore on its banks, and I cannot resist the inclination to insert them.*

From rise of morn, till set of sun,
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run;
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms, that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I viewed the hurried pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untired and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flow'rs that smil'd
Flying by ev'ry green recess,
That wooed him to its calm caress,
Yet sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!
Oh! I have thought, and thinking sigh'd,
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of wo,
And flow'rs of joy, my path may go;
How many an humble still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet;
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest;
But urgent as the doom, that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I see the world's bewild'ring force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the last current cease to run.

*The poem which is quoted here with many corruptions of the original text is entitled "Lines at the Cohoes or Falls of the Mohawk River." Moore composed it during his visit to America in 1804.

[93] Oh! may my fall be bright as thine!
May Heav'n's forgiving rainbow* shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

We arrived at Schenectady about noon of the third or fouth day after leaving Fort Stanwix; and I travelled on foot that evening to Albany, where I remained a single night only, and embarked on the next day in a sloop, which was commanded by Capt. Tenyke, and sailed for New-York. When I reached that city, the first Congress of the United States, assembled under the authority of the present Federal Constitution, was in session there.† It was a very high gratification, after having laboured my way from the river Ohio to Detroit, down the lakes, and across the state of New-York, a distance considerably exceeding one thousand miles, without the view of a human face which I had ever seen before, to meet the delegation from my native state; with two of whom, Col. Isaac Coles,‡ and Col. Josiah Parker,§ I was personally acquainted.

*A rainbow always hangs over the falls of the Mohawk, when the sun shines. They are known by the name of the Cahoes; and at them Mr. Moore's verses were written. [*Note in original.*]

†This was the second session of the first Congress under the new Constitution. It had assembled in January previous.

‡Col. Coles was a native of Virginia who was a Representative from that state in the First, Third and Fourth Congresses.

§"Josiah Parker was a lawyer, a native of Virginia, and a member of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Sixth Congresses. He died in 1810."—*Congressional Directory.*

Besides the members of Congress, several other Virginians were in the city, with whom, under the influence of that warm feeling of attachment cherished by the sons of the "Ancient Dominion" towards each other, I spent several days of social enjoyment. Among them was Col. William Davies,* a gentleman whom I had well known at Petersburg, the place of his residence. He was occupied, at the seat of the general government, in adjusting, as a commissioner on the part of Virginia, the account of his state with the United States. My stock of cash, for which I was indebted to he good people of Detroit, was nearly exhausted. But Col. Davies promptly [94] volunteered such supplies, as enabled me to complete my journey to my birth-place.

Such adventures and scenes, as those which had lately occurred to me, were rarely presented to the attention of the people of the northern cities; and mine excited some interest, and much conversation, in New-York. They came to the ears of Gen. Washington, then President of the United States; and his private secretary, Mr. Thomas Nelson,† of Virginia, visited me at my lodgings, with a

*Col. Davies gained his title in the Revolutionary War. He was a son of Rev. Samuel Davies, a Presbyterian clergyman of Virginia. He served in the office of Auditor of State for Virginia.

†Thomas Nelson, son of Gov. Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, became secretary to President Washington in October, 1789.

message from the President, that he wished to see me. I was conducted by Mr. Nelson to his house,* and introduced to him. He congratulated me, with cordiality, on my fortunate release from the Indians, and made many inquiries with respect to the strength of the tribes in the country through which I had travelled while a captive. After answering his questions on that subject, as well as my limited opportunity of acquiring information would permit, he interrogated me as to the force of the British garrisons at the various military posts which I had passed, and the state of their fortifications. On these last points I could render him no reply from which the slightest benefit could be derived: because my character of an American citizen would have made me liable to suspicion, and even peril, while at the British fortifications, had I examined into such subjects; and therefore I had deemed it indispensable to abstain from them. Besides, military affairs were out of the range of my experience and observation. His inquiries were of such a nature as led me to infer, that the government of the United States contemplated the chastisement of the Indians, for the many depredations they had lately committed on the Ohio; and to wrest from the possession of the British troops the

*President Washington at this time occupied the Macomb house on the west side of Broadway below Trinity church in New York City.

military posts [95] which were then occupied by them within our territory, in violation of the treaty of 1783. That I did not err in my first inference, the disastrous expedition of General St. Clair,* which soon followed, afforded sufficient proof; and I have little doubt that the last would have been substantiated, but for the amicable arrangement afterwards adjusted by Mr. Jay's treaty.†

Nothing detained me longer from home, but the length of the road; and I began my way to Virginia, in the stage coaches plying on the mail route to Richmond.‡ There I borrowed a gig and horse from a friend, and visited a small estate belonging to me in the upper part of Hanover, where I found some valued acquaintances, and my eldest brother, who had made a trip to my plantation for the purpose of looking into the state of my affairs during my absence. The unexpected meeting between us produced an effect on him, which, he has

*Arthur St. Clair, governor of the Northwest Territory, was sent upon an expedition against the Indians north of the Ohio in 1790. Notwithstanding the warning given to him by President Washington, he allowed his army to be ambushed and defeated.

†Instead of attempting to occupy the forts by force, Washington sent John Jay as an envoy to Great Britain. He succeeded in negotiating the treaty which bears his name. Under its provisions, the forts were speedily evacuated, the British troops crossing to Canada.

‡The mails at this time were carried on a long route from New Hampshire to Georgia, passing through the principal cities of the Atlantic plain. A branch extended as far west as Pittsburg.

always declared, he never experienced before or since; he shed tears plentifully, but they were tears of joy. Thence I proceeded, on one of my own horses, to the neighbourhood of my mother's dwelling, in the county of Prince Edward, where no certain intelligence had been received with respect to me, and where the most distressful solicitude for my fate had prevailed. I feared that consequences to an aged and affectionate mother, which it was my duty carefully to avoid, might result from pressing into her presence without previous intimation. My arrangements were made in such a manner, that I rode to the house of a friend, Mr. Miller Woodson, in the evening, three miles distant. He kindly communicated to my mother, by letter, the prospect of my speedy arrival at home, and advised her to prepare for it the next day. My [96] reception was distinguished by those evidences of strong emotion, which the occasion called forth. Tears of joy flowed from every eye. Even the sturdy slaves ran hastily from the field of labour, some of whom caught me in their arms and wept, whilst others fell upon their knees, and returned thanks to Heaven for my deliverance.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE anxiety of the neighbourhood, to hear the details of my capture, and of all my way-faring, brought them in great numbers, day after day, to my mother's house, and subjected me to narrations, which I was compelled so often to repeat, and which begat in me so many unpleasant recollections, that I almost dreaded the return of each succeeding day; my patience was severely tested, and I became quite fatigued with their inquiries, and my own answers.

I have always since regretted that when I left Mr. Duchouquet's abode, at Upper Sandusky, in my eagerness to set out for Detroit, where I should be perfectly secure from the mischiefs which had tormented me, and where I should be on my homeward route, I forgot the volume of the Debates of the Virginia Convention, in which my journal was written. If I had brought it with me, according to my intentions and wishes, my narrative would probably have been more minute, and my record would have supplied many things, for which I now draw, in vain, on my memory.

[97] In the winter of the year 1802, I resided in the city of Richmond, where I then received a letter from Mr. Duchouquet, dated at Pittsburg, by which he informed me, that

he was on his way to the city of Washington, in the character of interpreter to a band of Shawanese chiefs, who were going on business with the general Government; and that he feared his duties would not permit him to leave them, and pay me a visit, as he wished. He stated the time of his probable arrival at Washington, and requested me to meet him there. I most cheerfully acceded to this request. When we came together, I was utterly at a loss for adequate expression of that gratitude by which I felt myself bound to him. Our meeting was warmly cordial. Among the Indians composing this party, it gave me great pleasure to recognise Tom Lewis, who threw his blanket over me at the river Ohio, soon after my capture, and when I had been stripped of my upper clothing. He recollected me at the first glance, and shook my hand heartily. I made special inquiry for the excellent Messhawa, and learned that he was alive, and in good health. Tom Lewis was a young warrior when I was made a prisoner. At the time of which I am now speaking, he had acquired so much reputation and confidence with his tribe, that he had been promoted to the rank of a chief. Grateful for the former kindness of this man, I rendered him such attentions as were in my power, and on one occasion, invited him to come with Mr. Duchouquet, to a private dinner, which I had caused to be prepared for them, at the

Hotel, in which I lodged. At the close of our repast, he was presented with a glass of syllabub. He tasted it repeatedly; at length he inquired, what is this? Then answering his own [98] question, he said "it is neither *meat* nor *drink,* it is *something,* yet it is *nothing!*"

Very soon after my return to Virginia, I had made a point of remitting to Mr. McIntosh at Detroit, through his friend Mr. Alexander McComb of New-York, the sum which Mr. Duchouquet had advanced when he relieved me from captivity, and this last named gentleman told me, that he had in many instances besides mine, rescued citizens of the United States from the hands of the Indians, by paying a ransom for them; but that he had not been fortunate enough to obtain repayment from all. I then advised him to apply to Congress for remuneration, in those cases where it had been withheld. I drew a petition to that body, which was presented by Mr. Giles,* who advocated his application warmly and successfully, and Mr. Duchouquet drew from the public treasury the amount which he asked, on no other evidence than his own statements, and the fact of his having redeemed me from my captors. Mr. John Cotton Smith, of Connecticut, was then chairman of the committee of claims, and exerted himself in procuring justice to a man who had al-

*William B. Giles was a member of Congress representing a district of Virginia from 1791 to 1803.

ways practised benevolence towards those of our countrymen, whose misfortunes subjected them to the necessity of asking his aid. No objection was made to the passage of an act in his favour:* a course dictated both by justice, and a humane policy, which without question, the community approves.

A correspondence was regularly continued between Mr. Duchouquet and myself, until within the last seven years, when no answers have been received to my letters, and my inference is, that he has either removed to some distant residence out of reach of communications, or is no longer in the land of the living.

*The report on the claim of Duchouquet will be found in the Executive Documents of the House, seventh Congress, first session, Feb. 19, 1802. It recites that "certain of the redeemed captives, who were of sufficient ability, reimbursed him for the sums advanced. The remainder to the number of five, being in low and poor circumstances, have never made any pecuniary restitution." The sum of $171.33 with interest to the total amount of $201.17 was paid to Duchouquet. In 1836 his heirs petitioned Congress to confirm their title to certain lands in Ohio. His descendants are to be found in the central part of that state at the present day, with various modifications in the spelling of the name.

[99] CHAPTER XV.

AFTER the preceding narrative was written, I ascertained that my friend Mr. Duchouquet was yet alive, and that he resided at Piqua, on the head waters of the Miami of the Ohio. I lost no time in writing to him, and proposed that he should spend the present winter with me. I was highly gratified by his acceptance of my invitation, and by his arrival at my house early in November last. It is his intention to remain with me, until the month of March next. He is now sixty-six years of age, and has spent upwards of forty of those years among the tribes of Indians, who until lately, occupied the country between the Ohio river, and Lake Erie. His earlier life was devoted to the pursuits of a trader with the Indians, and his success was, for a long time, equal to his expectations. But, it was his misfortune, immediately before the commencement of the last war with Great Britain, in the prosecution of his business, according to the plan which it was his custom to observe, that he gave credit to a considerable number of Indians for goods sold them, to a large amount, and for which they contracted to pay at the customary period. But before that period arrived, the British Government had engaged Tecumthe, and his

brother the Prophet, in their interests. The influence of these characters among their red brethren was such, that they had no difficulty in rekindling a spirit of hostility against the Americans, which had never been entirely extinguished. The consequence was, that many of them followed Tecumthe:* and participating in his disasters, never returned to their native towns. Mr. Duchouquet sustained such serious losses by this [100] event, that he relinquished the business of a trader, and has ever since been employed in the service of the United States, as an interpreter to the Indian agency established at Piqua, and now under the superintendence of Mr. John Johnston.† My benefactor has ever sustained a fair character for integrity and veracity. He is not an enlightened scholar, but possesses a sound understanding, and is capable of judicious observation. By him, I am enabled to add something to the history of the most remarkable individuals among my captors, and to report so much in relation to them, as may further gratify any curious inquirer.

*Tecumseh, sometimes spelled Tecumthe, a chief of the Shawnees, was at the head of the Indian uprising in 1810. His defeat by Gen. William Henry Harrison at the battle of Tippecanoe made the political fortune of the latter. Tecumseh took the side of the British in the War of 1812 and was killed in the battle of the Thames.

†Col. John Johnson was a native of Ireland who acted as United States Indian agent for many years. He was at first stationed at Ft. Wayne but in later years at Piqua, Ohio.

Chickatommo was killed in a rencounter with a detachment of General Wayne's army, near Fort Defiance, in the year 1795.

Messhawa was one of the followers of Tecumthe and the Prophet. He either fell in battle with the Americans, or went to the country west of the Mississippi; but it is believed he is dead.

Tom Lewis attached himself to the service of our Government, and fought on our side, at the battle of the Thames. He attained the rank of chief among the Shawanese on Stony Creek, where a part of their tribe established themselves at a town bearing his name, and remained for several years. He has not conducted himself correctly, and has lost the confidence of his people, as well as his chieftainship. He has removed with a band of his countrymen, beyond the Mississippi, and is yet alive.

Whitaker fought against the Americans, when General Wayne defeated the Indians at the Rapids of the Miami of the Lake, and has been dead many years.

King Crane acted the same part, at the same time. But in the war of 1813, he bore arms on our side, and fought for us at the battle of the Thames. He died eight or ten years ago.

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